e Attack on the Scholar's World, By Archibald MacLeish

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Hugh l'Anson Fausset
Reviewed by Clifton Joseph Furness

"MIRACLE ON THE CONGO"
By Ben Lucien Burman
Reviewed by Linton Wells

"THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST"
By Ferner Nuhn
Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

"LINCOLN AMONG HIS FRIENDS"
By Rufus Rockwell Wilson
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"LIVING UPSTAIRS"
By Francis Meehan
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ARTHUR KOESTLER, author of "Dialogue with Death," can write about prisons from the viewpoint of an insider . . . *(See page 7)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Attack on the Scholar's World

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

IN the three months from December of last year to February of this the American mentality changed from defensive to offensive and an ultimate victory in the war became, in consequence, a probability instead of a desperate hope. Wars are won by those who mean to win them, not by those who intend to avoid losing them, and victories are gained by those who strike, not by those who parry.

What is true of the people as a whole in the war fought for the domination of the world should be true as well of the intellectuals—the writers and the scholars and the librarians and the rest —in the war fought for the countries of the mind. It should be true but isn't. The intellectuals have learned the first lesson of such wars: the lesson the nation learned belatedly at Pearl Harbor. They have learned that their scholar's country is in real and present danger. They have not yet learned the second lesson: the lesson the nation learned in the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines. They have not yet learned that their scholar's country can be saved and their world made habitable only by courageous and unrelenting attack.

The learning of the first lesson was long and difficult enough as we can all remember. Down through the thirties to the invasion of Poland a considerable number of American intellectuals preached and practiced an intellectual isolationism which was at least as frivolous, and certainly as blind, as the political isolationism of their political counterparts. They not only denied that their country of books and scholarship and art and learning was the principal target of the world revolution then fomented: they denied even that that country of theirs was in any danger or could possibly be attained or touched by the world-mob gathering against the sky. Their country, they informed us, was safe beyond its literary seas, its learned waters—safe from any war or any revolution. Art, they said, and books and learning of all kinds were things remote from wars, remote from revolutions. All the scholar, or the keeper of books, or the writer, or the artist, had to do was to stay on his own side of his particular ocean and tend to his own affairs and let the wars go by. The wars had always gone by before, they said, and the art had remained, the books had remained.

Down through the thirties to the invasion of Poland they went on like that. Not all of course. There were many writers who had looked at Spain and seen what they had seen. There were others who had looked at China. There were scholars who had looked in the books for the things actually lived, the things understood. Not all the American intellectuals of the years before the invasion of Poland were isolationists of the mind, inhabiters beyond imaginery oceans. But many were. And even after Poland there were still many. Until Denmark fell. And Norway fell. And Holland fell. And Belgium fell. And France fell. Then there were none—none but a few ghosts, the shrill inaudible voices.

When you saw in country after country that it was the intellectuals, the artists, the writers, the scholars who were searched out first and shot, or sequestered first, or left to rot first, in the concentration camps—when you saw in country after country that it was the books which were banned or burned or imprisoned, the teachers who were silenced, the publications which were stopped—when you saw all this, it was difficult to insist that the world of art and learning was a world apart from the revolution of our time. It was awkward, not to say embarrassing, to repeat over and over again that the world of books and paintings and philosophy and science was a world set off behind oceans no violence of war could ever cross successfully. It was even a little ridiculous to declare that this attack upon learning—this attack upon the whole world of the human spirit—was no affair of those who live by learning and the spirit—that their only duty was to turn their backs.

Archibald MacLeish

SO that after the fall of France the first lesson was learned. What the bombs at Pearl Harbor did to the political isolationists, the murders of the Gestapo did to the isolationists of the spirit. It is difficult to argue that a bomb cannot fall or a man be killed in your country when the bombs have fallen and the dead men are on the beaches from Jupiter Light to Quoddy and on north. It is difficult to argue that the world of art and books and science is not endangered by a revolution which has already murdered the artists and the men of letters and the books.

But the parallel between political isolationism and intellectual isolationism, though it holds in part, does not hold in full. Political isolationism in the United States was replaced by a defensive mentality, which was replaced in time by a mentality committed to attack. Intellectual isolationism was replaced by a defensive mentality only; the second transformation never followed. Scholars and writers admitted after Czechoslovakia and France and Norway that their country—the country of the mind—the country of the free man's mind—was indeed under attack and that their pretense of unviolability, of otherworldliness, was a pretense as unrealistic as it was unworthy. They admitted indeed that their country, the country they inhabited as scholars and as writers and as men of books, was the *principal* target of the revolution of our time—that this revolution was in fact as in word a revolution aimed against the intellect, against the mind,

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against the things of the mind—a revolution of ignorance and violence and superstition against the city of truth. They agreed in consequence that the city must be held, must be defended. But the second step, the second and essential step, the scholars and the men of letters have not taken even yet. They have not accepted the necessity of offensive war. They have not perceived that the defense of the country of the mind involves an affirmation, an assertion of a fighting and affirmative belief in intellectual things, a willingness not only to resist attacks upon their world and on themselves but to conceive offensives of their own and fight them through and win them.

A very large number of American writers have enlisted in one way or another in the war against fascism, some as soldiers, some as polemical writers, some as employees of the government. Scholars have put their scholarship at the service of their country and their country's cause, artists and musicians also. But it is in their capacity as citizens of the political, not of the intellectual, world that these men have acted. They have put aside their quality as writers and scholars for the duration of the war. They have said, in effect: "Our scholar's world, our writer's world is threatened; we will defend it on the political front, the front of arms—we will defend the city of the mind by defending the actual cities of our other world, the world we know as citizens and men."

IT is a courageous thing to do and a necessary thing to do. The actual cities must be held and the physical battles for their safety must be fought and won at any cost, at any sacrifice. Certainly the enlistment of the scholars in those battles is a heartening and an admirable thing, just as the failure of men of scholarship and letters to oppose the rising fascist revolution in the thirties was a shame to western scholarship and a reproach our generation will not soon forget. But courageous and necessary as these actions are they are nevertheless inadequate to the scholar's obligations. Whatever may be true of other cities, the city of the mind cannot be defended by deserting it to fight on other fronts. Above all it cannot be defended by deserting it when the ultimate objective of the forces which have made this war is precisely the destruction of that city.

To fail to understand that fact is to fail to understand the nature of the conflict in which our world is now engaged. This conflict is not a conflict which can be won by arms alone for it is not a conflict fought for things which arms alone can conquer. It is a conflict fought for men's convictions—for the things which lie beneath convictions—for ideas. The war of arms might end in victory on the Pacific and along the Channel and in the Mediterranean and in Africa and Asia, and the war might still be lost if the battles of belief are lost—above all if the battle to maintain the power and authority of truth and free intelligence were lost—if the confidence of men in learning and in reason and in truth were broken and replaced by trust in force and ignorance and superstition—if the central battle for the preservation of the ultimate authority of mind in human living shall be lost.

And that central battle can be lost. We shall deceive ourselves if we pretend that the attack upon intellectual things, the attack upon the things of art and of the spirit which has been a fundamental part of the maneuvers of our adversaries, has been unimportant in effect. On the contrary no single element of their propaganda has been more successful than the propaganda the fascists have brought against the intellectual authority. And for an excellent reason. Which is this: that fascism is in its essence a revolt of man against himself—a revolt of stunted, half-formed, darkened men against a human world beyond their reach and most of all against the human world of reason and intelligence and sense.

No propaganda was or could have been more powerful than the anti-intellectual propaganda of the fascists because no propaganda responded more precisely to the prejudices and the emotional predispositions of those to whom the fascist revolution made its principal appeal. The bankrupt merchants, the frustrated apprentices, the disappointed junior engineers, the licked, half-educated, unsuccessful clerks and journalists and discharged soldiers to whom the fascist revolution called in every country where the fascist cause made headway, were men sick of a profound, a deadly sickness—a sickness they had caught in the swarming, crowded, fetid and unlovely air of the swarming and unlovely time which bore them—a sickness of which the name was ignorance and envy. For men whom ignorance and envy bred no conceivable propaganda was more seductive than the propaganda which presented all learning, all enlightenment, all distinction of the man and mind as false and foolish.

For a generation to which the world had ceased to make either sense or loveliness or justice, a propaganda which belittled human intelligence and sneered at human morality was a propaganda which was believed before it was uttered. Defeated by a world which used them as tools but had no use

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for them as men, they turned, not on the world but on themselves—on man—on all those things in man which seemed to men before them to be admirable and of good repute but now to them seemed otherwise. The fascist propaganda which tore down the intellectual authority, the moral rule, was not, in other words, *one* of the devices of the fascist revolution—it *was* the fascist revolution. For fascism is in essence nothing but the latest, saddest, most pathetic and most hopeless form of the ancient revolution of mankind against itself—the recurring and always tragic effort of mankind to kill the best it knows in order to make peace with what is not the best—but would be if the best were dead.

It would be foolish therefore—indeed it would be worse than foolish—to pretend to ourselves that the attack upon our scholar's world is not a dangerous attack—an attack which has done injury already and can still do more. But certainly we have no temptation to belittle its effect. We know what harm has been done in other countries and in this as well. We know, for example, if we read the press or watch the signs in any medium, how deep the effort to destroy the confidence of men in learning and in intellectual things has gone. There was never a time, I think, in the history of this country when learning was held cheaper than it is today—or when the men of learning and of letters had less honor. A hundred and fifty years ago in America, or a hundred years ago, or fifty, a man of learning was honored for his learning. Today to be an intellectual is to be an object of suspicion in the public mind. To be a professor is to invite attack in any public service, any public undertaking. To be an artist is to live beyoung the reach of serious consideration.

There is no occasion to produce testimony or to document the obvious. The evidence is so generally familiar that it passes without comment. When an attempt was made in an ill-attended session of the House of Representatives this last spring to cut the appropriation of the Library of Congress to such a point that the national library of the United States would have been unable to buy new books beyond its regular continuations and subscriptions—an attempt which might have succeeded had not the House and Senate by common and non-partisan action reversed its initial success—when this attack was made upon a great symbol of learning, a great institution of scholarship, no public outcry was aroused. No public resentment was expressed even by those who might most readily have voiced resentment. There were two editorials, one each in the *New York Times* and in the *Washington Star*. And we—such is the humility of those these days who have the charge of learning—we were grateful for these two. And did what could be done with their support.

This angers you to hear of it now. It

Salute, Czechoslovakia!

By William Rose Benét

VERILY the new day,
the New Order!
For the death of a butcher, for the bloody heel,
a village of poor folk, diggers in mines,
erased from earth, children torn from their mothers,
forcibly to be schooled in lies,
the fathers slain. Deliberate reprisal.
Murder added to murder added to . . .

Lidice, in its blood and agony,
forever living—in a newer day,
a newer order, otherwise than this . . .

"The name of the community extinguished?"
In fire the inextinguishable name!

Massacre of whole villages, the slain
in Belgium and the Netherlands, *five hundred;*
in France, *two thousand;* in decimated Poland.
one hundred and forty thousand; (Mark the score,
never forget the score!) in Yugoslavia,
three hundred and fifty thousand; gallant Greece
over eight hundred and the people dying
starved and emaciated in the streets . . .

His fame was a murderer's fame,
Heydrich of the Gestapo,
Death's pander, and murder's—"der Henker"
called Cobra for thin head, glittering eyes,
and deadly fang. Norway and Netherlands,
Belgium and France, knew him, knew the Hangman,
the Deathshead of Dachau—who lay in State
at the high Castle of the Kings of Prague,
Praha of old, on Hradčany the Hill,
an hundred towers, "a fairytale in stone" . . .

A thousand years ago King Wenceslaus
(whom English children in the winter sing!)
founded the great cathedral—golden Prague,
"Rome of the North"—green of the summer fields,
white clustered houses, poppies in the barley,
hills of Moravia, the singing river . . .
The mountain-guarded land, like unto ours
in its great human dream—land of John Huss
and Gregor Mendel, and John of Nepomuk
whose lips were sealed upon a sacred trust,
he never would betray! Land of great forest,
of heat and cold and the Carpathian crags
where haunted castles moulder—of the singer
in the kraut market in the public square—
festival and costume, the Golden Lane,
the Alchemist's Street—Jews in their gabardines,
folk dress and factory shoes, the sturdy Sokols,
the laughing girls . . .
Where is that laughter now
since they who hold the bastion of all Europe,
they who were called "the arsenal of the world,"
in that dark hour in which they were betrayed
lifted the bitter cup, who now endure
under the bloody boot, the cracking dog-whip,
under the hated swastika brassard
symbol of murder and plunder . . . under the new day
the New Order . . . that gives this happy land
a Reichs Protector . . . where the tortured scholar
and gentle spirit—jeered, obscenely reviled—
lies twisted in his blood under the windows sealed,
under the slogging footsteps of patrols
pounding the cobbles, the guttural bark of orders,
the fixity of Murder's frozen stare . . .

We mark the score. Silent, we mark the score . . . !

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did not anger you then. And why? Because you never heard of it most likely. And why did you never hear of it? Because, neither to your friends, nor commentators did it seem to have significance enough to call it to your notice. And why? The answer I think is obvious: it was not news. It was not news that an attack had been made upon an institution of learning: such attacks had been made before and frequently. It was not news that the leader of the attack had unconsciously revealed a fear of books, a fear of letting information reach the people, a fear of scholarship and learning: such fears had been revealed before and not least often by the very man the *Times* rebuked. Nothing in the sorry spectacle was news to anyone. Fifty years ago an attack upon a great library, an attempt to deprive the people of this country of their books, would have brought down upon the politician who attempted it a storm of criticism in the public press. Today it passes almost without comment.

But no citations of the evidence are necessary. You know the record for yourselves. You know what headway the propaganda aimed against the intellectuals has made. You know where you stand in this conflict—you and everything you care for. You know therefore whether it is possible to maintain as we and others like us have maintained so long, a negative position, a defensive mind.

For myself I do not think so. The city of learning—or so it seems to me—can be defended in this war only as the city of freedom can be defended: by attack. To realize that the world of books and learning and of art is the principal objective of those who would destroy our time, and to sit back in a humble and defensive silence awaiting whatever onslaught they wish next to make, is the role, it seems to me, not only of cowardice but of foolishness as well. Like this America we love enough to fight for overseas on every continent, our scholar's country is a country we must fight abroad to save. Not by awaiting attack but by preventing it, not by resisting but by overcoming, can the towering city of the mind be victor in this war. And unless we are ready now or very soon to bring the battle to our enemies and overcome them—to strike down ignorance where ignorance appears—to fly our flag of truth and reason higher than our enemies can cut it down—we cannot win this war within the war on which the outcome of the war itself depends.

This article was delivered by Mr. MacLeish in the form of an address before the American Library Association meeting in Milwaukee on June 26.

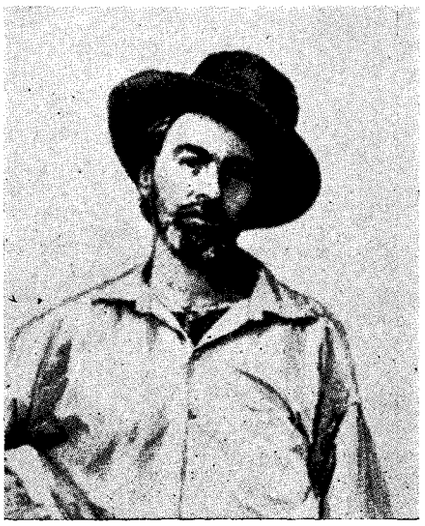
He Heard America Singing

WALT WHITMAN: POET OF DEMOCRACY. By Hugh l'Anson Fausset. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

AT last a book on Whitman that treats adequately his significant "ensemble!" Fausset's "Walt Whitman, Poet of Democracy" may be recommended to those who are interested in knowing the real Whitman, rather than in merely dissecting or flatulently praising a straw-man.

The fundamental thesis: Whitman was a split personality who never achieved integration in either his life or his art. Underlying the structure skilfully erected to prove this, there is a deep fundament of psychoanalysis. Whitman is shown to be a chronic adolescent. "This immaturity in Whitman . . . prejudiced his message as a mystic and as the prophet of democracy." Fausset, whom Whitman would probably consider a philosopher and savant, seems to insinuate that Whitman might have grown up intellectually if he had been able to reconcile the opposing sides of his nature by an understanding of the principle of "dialectical movement"—or perhaps even of "dialectical materialism."



Carpenter portrait of Walt Whitman

The social implications of Whitman's scheme of democracy based upon expansive individualism fructified by "the love of comrades" are relentlessly probed. Throughout the book the "distinction between the man and what he wrote" is astutely maintained. The difficult goal of analyzing and explaining Whitman's psyche as well as his poetry while relating the outward events of his life is, on the whole, achieved by Fausset admirably and artistically with economy of means, in a delightful literary style often tersely eloquent.

This is not just biography, or factual history. It effectively correlates literary criticism with psychological comment and sociological estimates. Naturally, when carried to such length as Fausset attempts, comprehensive criticism must include personal interpretation to some extent. Seldom does this critic obtrude his idiosyncratic views in a way to give the impression of bias or prejudice, or to distort the just proportions of the total portrait of Whitman. But certainly the poet who emerges from these pages is peculiarly Fausset's Whitman, and not the Whitman of the usual criticaster.

The book has its defects, but they are for the most part incidental. There are occasional actual errors, such as the statement that "Whitman was born on a farm called West Hills," whereas West Hills is the name of an entire district, not simply the Whitman farm. Fausset says of Whitman's newspaper, *The Freeman*, "no copy of it has survived," but one from the R. M. Bucke collection has twice been sold at auction, in London and in New York. Falling into the pardonable but dangerous mistake of repeating Whitman's own statement without checking by research outside the poet's often inaccurate memories, the biographer pictures the ceremony when General Lafayette kissed the child Walt at a corner-stone laying in Brooklyn as "very staid, without any cheering." Examination of contemporary newspaper accounts shows that, as Lafayette rode between two lines of boys and girls, "a long ringing cheer leaped from the throng." Fausset baldly asserts that Walt's father "branched off into carpentry, learning his trade in New York." Unpublished manuscripts in Whitman's own hand supply full details not available in printed sources, which supplement the story of Father Whitman's training: "He learned the carpenter's trade under his cousin, Jacob Whitman, in Huntington and West Hills, finally finishing his apprenticeship in New York City, where Jacob became a foreman in a Venetian blind shop. There he had boarded steadily in one place for three years." Such minor slips or omissions as these appear inconsequential minutiae when balanced against the accuracy and reliability of Fausset's treatment in the large. It is indeed remarkable that he has secured so much information, and that he has erred as little as he has, since his research has apparently been confined to material available in England.

Major emphasis is placed upon Whit-

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man's failure to arrive at a conscious solution of the duel between the individual and the group-life. Fausset's strong leaning toward socialism is evident. He devaluates Whitman's ideology on the basis of the present decline of "belief in the nineteenth century conception of democracy . . . and individualism." His frequent censures of America's "lust for wealth" make provocative reading. Speaking as an Englishman, Fausset finds that "Democracy in America has been persistently defeated by plutocracy." And again: "Even today in America the conception of a society reorganized so that the coöperative impulse supersedes the competitive grows very slowly."

The book fulfills a timely purpose by thus translating Whitman into terms of the present. But, while proving that Democracy's self-appointed "Answerer," Walt Whitman, is less America's spokesman than he hoped to be because he himself lacked integration socially and individually, Fausset seems to forget that Whitman's work may be valuable to us in America chiefly as a stepping stone toward our "new order," which can only grow out of our present consciousness, and be conditioned by it accordingly. Is it possible that Fausset does not realize how many million Americans go through the stage represented by Whitman, inchoate but resolutely striving? By virtue of that very shortcoming which Fausset stigmatizes, Whitman speaks as few other Americans have to our condition.

The outstanding excellences of Fausset's study, in final perspective, place it well toward the peak of Whitman literature. It is stimulating, at the same time comprehensive and authoritative. Though the social motifs predominate, the author's suave literary criticism and easy moving style rescue the book from the savor of a mere political tractate or the report of a psychological clinic.

Through the life of Whitman, who died exactly fifty years ago, Fausset clarifies and revivifies the poet's message for our "Years of the Modern." He makes it painfully evident that the one thing needful is to transcend the self through social adjustment, and that this sublimation is just as difficult for individuals and for nations to accomplish now as it was for Whitman in his day. Hugh l'Anson Fausset, scholar as well as artist in his own right, presents a rare combination of new and old elements that brings fresh light to those already familiar with Whitman lore, and at the same time invites with compelling interest any who are seeking an ideal first introduction to "the Bard of Democracy."

Cycles in Prisondom

Some of Our Best Minds Are Writing Prison Literature

RALPH BATES

IN these times it is hard to understand why the fact of Prison is so underrated or out of the minds of thoughtful men. Indeed, it has always been strange to me that the wisdom of Prisons, as rich a theme as any I know, does not engage our historians and psychologists. Our folk lorists, too, have missed an inexhaustible vein of treasure, as even this poor student knows. It is, I believe, a sign of our general decadence that we do not think of Prison as we should.

One might argue more stringently. There was a time when imprisonment was a vicissitude any man might expect to suffer. In those days the thought of the dungeon did not bring a blush of shame to the cheeks, but rather a sigh of relief, or it occasioned a philosophic nodding of the head. It was a sobering thought, especially potent in its check to unbalanced optimism because confinement was apt to occur at the whim of a despot. Like plague or the lightning's bolt, it might strike any man, rich or poor, weak or powerful. The knowledge that this was so, caused a man to ripen quickly, to grow wise, to become a man, that is to say. I do not need, surely, to point out that the beneficient shadow of Prison lies over all our early literature, and, together with the Love, is what gives it its substance and weight.

For the past hundred years, however, falling-into-prison has ceased to be an arbitrary or a whimsical thing. We have grown to believe that if we avoid various acts we shall keep out of Prison. It seems to me, therefore, that one who has a mind richly stored with the great folklore of Prison, who recognizes the permanent worth of Prison, must confess that in a certain sense Democracy has had adverse effects. At least, it will be agreed that whenever falling into Prison ceases to be a matter of chance, freedom comes to be treated frivolously, as if it were a possession that could not be stolen away.

In any city of more or less calculable punishment, you may often see a man, not being hungry or very poor or troubled by intractable women, walk dejectedly through a beautiful park. Such a man as I see now from my window, may even watch the wind from Spuyten Duyvil ruffling the huge green tents of the lime trees. He may even lift up his head and with a look of melancholy and boredom upon his face, sniff the last sweetness of the limes. Clearly, the man has never contemplated the sky through a foot-square grating, he has not listened nightly to the sanctus bell of the execution priest jangling along weeping corridors, he has never rapped out "They killed Hernandez last night" with his knuckles upon an oozing wall; he has not learned at his father's feet how to bear himself twenty years below ground; he has never grown cunning in the ways of jailors, nor mastered the intricate ceremonial of life-long incarceration. Doubtless he still preserves respect for Death, but certainly he has lost the sense of Prison. He may not know it, but he suffers from an incarceration-deficiency.

CONSIDERING his levity, it seems to me that the coming of fascism is not entirely disadvantageous. It is true that the last twenty years has seen something of a revival of Prison-consciousness, though this can hardly be credited to the plain untaught instincts of man. For upon close examination, whenever the imminence of arbitrary imprisonment has been reestablished it will be found that it has been due to the awakening of fascism.

In the present state of the world, then, it is both natural and useful that more and more prison literature should be written and that our best minds should compose it. We cannot have too many books like "Dialogue with Death."* For insofar as we are still losing the war, we are shuffling straight to Prison. Brother Koestler, who has lain in a fascist jail, is altogether too modest when he says that the prison reflections of a man condemned to death have a certain interest. The extraordinary subtlety, the cork-screwing penetration, the lacerating sharpness of his writing have their absorbing interest, but books as this, I say, will have their *practical* use if we are defeated, for by means of

**DIALOGUE WITH DEATH. By Arthur Koestler. New York: Macmillan Co. 1942. 214 pp. $2.*

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them we may prepare ourselves for subjection and for Prison. In moments of catastrophe it is not always your tough extrovert who stands up best, for he is too often merely a thoughtless man. Your introvert, because he has lived long with doubt, division and dismay, will often bear up under sudden and overwhelming woes in a way that puts to shame the whole and integrated man. It is well, then, that we should know the psychological map of imprisonment perfectly, long before we hear the cell-door clang behind us and wheel to see that one crab's eye goggling through the iron slit.

IT will be good to know that the fit of Enumeration comes upon one. You will stare around your cell, obsessed with what is in it. The present writer, who has merely haunted the outer portals of prisons, can check Mr. Koestler's accuracy. I have heard, as few have heard, the terrible prison song of Latin lands, sung at its greatest intensity in Southern France. (Death, Mr. Koestler says, is a white-ruffled, black-silked Spanish grandee of exquisite courtesy. Imprisonment, I believe, is a Frenchman, loose-jowled, goggle-eyed, wearing a general's hat.) Once, sitting upon a wall above the river at Beziers, beside an old Bishop's palace, I heard a door slam and one of the most extraordinary and compressed oaths I have ever learned. Blinking, there came out of that palace, now a prison, a little rascally *chiffonier,* named Marius of Marseille. Marius, released that day, sang the prison song for me. Years before this minor stretch, his twenty-first, Marius had been sentenced to thirty years in a Spanish gaol for killing four deputy sheriffs with a sickle, because one of them had kicked his pregnant wife in the stomach. Fortunately the deputy's act had been recorded. One day Primo de Rivera, the dictator, while visiting the prison, released little Marius because "the provocation had been of a kind not to be resisted." This, then, was the blasphemous and irrepressible Marius who was a little uneasy at singing, outside of that prison, its brooding, or its snarling, song. That prison song is the Act of Enumeration, of Naming. Its endless quatrains do nothing more than catalogue the things that are visible in the cell and the events that led to the singer's occupancy of it. Before each shabby noun the two adjectives "sad" and "cursed" and no others unfailingly appear.

The sad vessel I drink from
The cursed door that shuts me in...

So, sung to a squalid tune that appears to be a debased version of the Day of Wrath, the song goes on, hour after hour until the cell has been cursed in its tiniest particle. "The cursed greased stain on the Sad Regulations, the Sad man who made it with his cursed soup." But invariably, Marius said, one goes outside of the cell and contemplates the sadness or the cursedness of the world. It is felt to be wrong, to be a vulgarization of the prison song, but every singer includes his former world in his now-bored, now-frenzied, now-melancholy, now-hysterical cursing. The Enumeration of his song is not a sign of poverty of imagination, but itself the very strongest proof of the profoundest feeling, forced upon the prisoner by his Prison. The world, for him, is a random collection of things, without meaning, save that they are all cursed and sad. A year after Marius had sung to me, I talked with a French truck-driver who had been in that sternest of prisons, Narbonne. Yes, he knew the song. We might have been talking of the black mass, or some weird rite performed in the entrails of a christian city. "One doesn't sing that song out here in the sunlight, *m'sieu!*" Ah, *m'sieu!* For an hour I had been *camarade* because I had come from the Spanish Front. But a man who could talk lightly of the prison song was no comrade, but a mere sympathizer.

You will Enumerate, then. If you are under sentence of death your will to live will find a thousand ways of deceiving you into hope. Brother Koestler can help you to deceive yourself, *mon frère humain.* Or, like the author of this fascinating book, in fear of torture you may decide to commit suicide. In that case do not fool yourself by trying to make an immediate attempt. This is a golden rule for which you will earnestly thank me. You will bless my name as you grant yourself a last term of life. Allow yourself twelve hours. The effect will be to calm you, to put you at an Olympian height above the distress of expected death. The false death sentence you have given yourself will cancel the real one.

One thing more, do not include the hours of sleep. And be warned, your will to live will put on a thousand masks. Once, when his twelve-hour term was up, Brother Koestler will put on the extreme disguise of

DAS HERRENVOLK —
—From "He Who Laughs—Lasts."

apathy and indifference to that suffering of the world that had made him an anti-fascist. Apathy saved him when courage and conviction could not. Again, learn from Brother Koestler, tire yourself by day. This also is a golden rule. Never take the briefest nap. The executioners in a fascist prison knock upon the cell doors between two and three in the morning. If you are awake you will hear the crying and sobbing voices of hundreds of men, and the monotonous gabble of the priest. Even the jailers in Brother Koestler's prison in Seville could not withstand that nightly horror.

From this book you may learn, too, how to comfort your prison mate who goes to his death in an hour. It is not what you say, but the tone of your voice that will lull him to his death. Practice your intonations, now, and be prepared. Learn from this book, but do not expect to be saved by another government's intervention, as the author was saved by London. If we lose there will be no power on earth to mediate with fascism. The renaissance of Prisondom will have been carried to its logical conclusion.

BROTHER KOESTLER, you see, has suffered in a Franco prison. He was sentenced to death in Màlaga after the Italians captured it for the generalissimo. (The Italians! We are fighting the Italians ourselves today! Do you wonder why?) At that time of his trial in Màlaga, Brother Koestler was already pacing his cell in Sevilla. In Sevilla there is a lovely tower called the Giralda (I see the Cloisters from my window). In Sevilla's immense cathedral, out of which old Miguel de Cervantes was given the bum's rush for mocking at a king's tomb, the acolytes annually dance a minuet before the high altar. In Sevilla there are many patios and in some of them you may hear the splashing of water and a music of fire. Around Sevilla there are orange groves whose blossom sweetens the air like the green-yellow clusters of the lime. Brother Koestler lay in prison and could not smell orange blossoms nor stroll in the cathedral. (There are lime trees before my window.) His misfortune was that he worked for London's liberal morning newspaper, which unlike its New York double, from the very beginning allowed its correspondents to publish the fact that Italians and Germans were doing Franco's fighting for him. That misdemeanor and the crime of re-issuing his material in book form was described as "espionage" and as "aiding military rebellion." You had thought, perhaps, that Franco was the military rebel? Not at all, according to the general it was the Government that rebelled

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against its servant. The Spanish Quisling's jest brings one to another value of Arthur Koestler's book.

I am as respectful of prisons as any man but even the most Prison-conscious will have to admit that the rise of fascisms has not been without its evil effects upon prisons. Among these evil effects the connoisseurs will include what may be called Redundancy. Perhaps the case of Nicolás the Militiaman, who was shot in brother Koestler's prison, will serve as illustration. Nicolás was a villager who had voted Republican. One day this little Nicolás, this mean-faced, illiterate, insignificant villager, heard that Moors and Italians were burning the neighboring village. Nicolás, if I know Spaniards, did not like the neighboring village, whose inhabitants he probably considered fornicators, money-lenders, and isolationists. But Nicolás joined the Government's militia to repel the Moors and the Italians. He had the misfortune to be captured by these honorary Spaniards, however. At his trial the fascist prosecutor said, in demanding the death penalty, "I only regret that I cannot send this miserable little Red in a cage to Geneva before he is shot, to show the League of Nations what pitiable objects are these so-called fighters for justice and democracy." This speech was clearly an outburst of thoughtless spleen, for just at that time the British delegate to the League of Nations was turning his back and walking out upon Nicolás's champion, Alvarez del Vayo. The other democracies behaved similarly. It would have been an illogical excess, therefore, to have sent little Nicolás in a cage. Besides, the cage could have been supplied in Geneva; the democracies would have footed the bill had they been pressed. The German judge who recently gave two death sentences to one Dutch saboteur was a little further advanced in Redundancy, it may be admitted.

In the second place, the prosecutor's speech discloses a falling away from the old aristocratic standards of betrayal. Rather more than a century ago the Spanish monarchy, which like Franco had delivered the country to a foreign foe, had placed a great resister, El Empecinado, in a cage, to be baited publicly by renegades. In those days, you see, the aristocracy of Spain scorned to send a patriot one thousand miles to be poked by umbrellas. They did it themselves, with bull fighters' lances and hot irons, at home.

The excessive Prison-conscious man may object that this case of Nicolás is merely an exception. Koestler's book, one must admit, proves the contrary. While it restores the prison to its salu-

(*Continued on page* 21)

Cultural Gravity

THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST: A Study in the Orientation of American Culture. By Ferner Nuhn. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

EUROPE, said Emerson, extends to the Alleghanies; and Mr. Nuhn's book is a study in the implications of Emerson's statement. For him one of the important elements in American culture is its "two-way pull"; i.e., the conflict of attractions between the brave new world that never yet was young, as Whitman sang it and Lowell phrased it, and the provincial's awe of European civilization. This conflict is, of course, old, and its existence, its implications, its consequences have often been observed and studied. Mr. Nuhn brings some fresh intuitions to the problem,

Ferner Nuhn

and might have written a significant book on the theme.

I say "might have written" for two reasons. His book suffers, it seems to me, from two eradicable defects which, however, he did not take the time to get rid of. One is its style and one lurks in its structure. As a piece of composition the volume divides into two unequal parts which not all Mr. Nuhn's rhetoric quite bring together. One of these parts is a series of chapters dealing generally with the theme, and the other is made up of three quasi-independent studies of Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot as victims and students of the "two-way pull." The Henry James chapter is much the best thing in the book; and it is a mark of the structural defects of the volume that it can be lifted out of its context and read independently. Mr. Nuhn's analysis of James, and particularly of "The Golden Bowl," if not everywhere new and penetrating, is sympathetic, shrewd, and illuminating. I find the Henry Adams chapter rather duller and the T. S. Eliot chapter lacking in direction and firmness. But it would appear that there is only a formal connection between these three studies and the rest of Mr. Nuhn's composition.

The difficulty with the other part of the volume—the general part—is its faintly inaccurate style, its anarchic paragraphing, its tendency towards the rhapsodic, its movement towards a purely rhetorical balance, its easy acceptance of a false epigrammatic punch. For example the book lies open at page 35, and I read: "Massachusetts liked to appeal to Conscience, which she took to be divinely inspired and hence indisputable. Virginia, while her piety tended to be somewhat conventional, liked to appeal to Reason, which she took to be natural and unanswerable. Together these great parent states, with some help from the others, it is true, produced our main light and pride, democracy." This has all the false glitter of Macaulay and is, like Macaulay, a succession of half-truths to which no close student of either Virginia or Massachusetts would subscribe. And as for the help from the "others," thus casually dismissed, a dictum which omits Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania —where a unicameral legislature was supposed to be the essence of the democratic principle—or Charles Carroll of Carrollton or the Quaker democracy of Woolmon is, to put it gently, not very good history. Add that Mr. Nuhn has a distressing habit of buttonholing the reader as if the latter were an impatient schoolboy waiting for recess, and one sees that this is not good writing. It is a book which being written should have been re-written, and I fear that the publishers must share a little of the blame.

A fifty-dollar prize for a title is offered by E. P. Dutton & Co. for a book dealing with the story of the *U.S.S. Lexington* and the Coral Sea battle—an eye-witness account of the first American naval victory. The title must meet with the approval of the author and E. P. Dutton & Co. All titles submitted become the property of E. P. Dutton & Co. Entries must be mailed before midnight of July 29, 1942. Address all entries to: Contest Editor, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 302 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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THOUGHTS WHILE STROLLING

(On Air Warden Duty)

BACK last May, in the *Survey Graphic*, Dorothy Thompson wrote of her project, the Volunteer Land Corps, and Stuart Chase told of the young men up in Tunbridge, Vermount, and their Camp William James. We were and are impressed by this movement to help young people recapture the essential values of work, and to enlist for work on the land as one of the essential services in the cause to which we are all committed. We were impressed also by the title, "The Patriotism of Work." We liked what Stuart Chase last February told a Congressional Committee:

> Laugh if you like. You were young once. These boys believed they were starting a movement to serve their country in peace and war, working in fellowship together, doing tasks that nobody else would do, without money and without price. Yes, laugh if you like, but is there any other spirit which can save America? Will business as usual do it? Will pressure group politics do it? Will dedication to making one's pile, at the cost of whom it may concern, do it?

Of course not! The American Youth Commission knows that too. In "Youth and The Future" they have gone deeply into what many consider the most vital problem of our civilization. More power to this Commission and its publications! If you don't know those publications, you will be surprised at the ground covered: the meeting of the needs of rural youth, valuable planning aids to youth employment, the community and its young people, youth in the CCC camps, youth work programs, the family and education, what the high schools ought to teach, equal educational opportunity, secondary education, etc.

Sometimes, in the night watches, queer thoughts occur to one who has been a parent, and after that has become even a grandparent. Never quite out of touch with the eagerness and questioning of young people, one is led through harried thought to wonder just how well qualified we grown-ups have been to "bring up" the younger generation. Have we really brought it *up*, or have we very nearly brought it *down?* The American Youth Commission found that, in their words, "the 1930s dealt severely with the youth of America—unemployment was disproportionately large for the youth group, guidance was inadequate, leisure time was being wasted, health was being neglected, education and training were not keeping pace with the social and economic changes affecting youth." That's putting it mildly!

But along came Unfriend Hitler and began to organize the youth of Germany, to feed, clothe, and exercise them; to show them how to become strong and healthy out-of-doors; to pay close attention to their "education," also, and see that they imbibed nothing but the pure poison of the Nazi philosophy. Devil, yes! But Oh so much smarter than the selfish windbags and party-obstructionists in our own political set-up; than the overworked, underpaid wage-slaves that were our public educators; than the hidebound, picayune pedagogues; than the smug, prejudiced parents; than the private prep-school and finishing-school elite; all those making of American education a pretty sanguinary mess. Harsh words? We have the finest schools in the world? We have spread the educational process further than any other country? There is greater opportunity—! Yes, yes; there is something to what you say. And yet in the blank small hours of the morning, thinking of what *might* be done with American youth, of the country we *might* have bequeathed to them, the inspiration, the immediate opportunities for service, the legacy of honor and fair-dealing—above all, induction into a patriotism of work, of enthusiastic effort for one's country, honorably rewarded by a fair and living wage! We have seen, instead, the young gunmen from the slums (a couple of friends of ours were held up by two of them just the other night!); the breadlines in Times Square; the share-croppers of the South; the jalopies of the Okies going West; the jobless vagabond youngsters riding the rods and the blinds; the great industrialists with their public-relations counsels and pressure-lobbies in Washington; the average income bracket something for the plutocrat to haw-haw over; the values and rewards of this world so distorted, that even an eight-year-old child could perceive their Alice-in-Wonderland quality. Yet children must never forget their good manners, always defer to their elders, remember that older people are intellectual giants and moral paragons! And now the flower of our youth goes forth to fight for the civilzation we have made—such as it is—in the hope that this vast bloody sacrifice will eventuate in a better world. They in their turn, those remaining, will grow old. They in their turn, doubtless, will look back and wonder why it all didn't turn out better. Well, at any rate, we are on the *threshold* of realization that the educational process is tremendously important.

Of course one great organization, the Roman Catholic Church, has always believed that, because they happen to believe that Man has a soul. In our own way, we shall have to believe that Man has a soul. It is desperately important at present that every individual should be able to save his soul and the world's by work dedicated to the improvement of the world. Does that sound ponderously priggish? Actually, it is grim fact that drives us to believe in something of the kind! If we do not so believe, if that does not become the keystone of our process of education, what world will we have left? The Nazi dictator knew well enough what to do to insure the unification of his country! Inculcate the principles in the children! *We* are being taught by this war that, for one thing, the teaching of American history and of world history in our schools has been ludicrous —that our teaching of democracy has but barely scratched the surface.

Oh, go to sleep, say the small phosphorescent numerals of one's ticking watch! But we are still lying half-awake, half-dreaming a dream—a dream of what properly organized education of every kind might do for this country. Counsel of perfection in a vastly imperfect world? But certain specific forces are actually, in this very hour, upon the march. What did the Nazis do when they tried to erase Lidice in Czechoslovakia from the memory of man? They killed the fathers, they sent the mothers to concentration camps, but the *children* they bundled off to "educational centers," "to be," as was remarked, "taught the beauties of the system which had made them orphans!" Shall we train *our* children in truth and honor? Shall we tell them why the humane and kindly impulses they were born with are merely foolish and impractical? Or shall we begin now, before it is too late, to *help* them build a better world, to make them proud citizens of a great forward-striding country where there is truly opportunity for all, work for all, and for all a fair and living wage?

W. R. B.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

L'Affaire Richardson

SIR:—How does it happen that William C. Frierson, in his notably comprehensive work, "The English Novel in Transition," (University of Oklahoma press, 1942) makes no mention of Henry Handel Richardson (Henrietta Richardson Robertson). Joseph Warren Beach in "Twentieth Century Novel" gives this author merited attention, but even he ignores the novel, "Maurice Guest."

Certainly this novel must fight continuously to retain its place before the reading public, for only recently, I believe, the Modern Library dropped the work from its list. It would be interesting to know the causes for Mr. Frierson's emotions and to hear his comments on this book in particular and its author.

BERNARD SOBEL.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Dabney and the Negro Press

SIR:—I have just read the article in your special issue on morale in which Virginius Dabney expresses his disapproval of the manner in which Negro leaders and the Negro press are "pushing matters to a climax" in race relations. I was somewhat relieved to see what amounted to a mild rebuttal by Mrs. Roosevelt.

It is very disturbing to colored people to see men who name themselves liberals demonstrate opposition to the perfectly justifiable demands of a loyal and oppressed group at a time when our democracy is required either to establish for itself a firm and unhypocritical moral basis, or die. It cannot be expected by any reasonable person that the present international crisis should flood the minds of Negroes with awe when their life in the ghetto is one prolonged crisis. It should be understood by those who are quick to point out to colored people their blessings that the standard by which we judge our condition is set by the comparatively lordly status of the majority group rather than that of the European peasant or the Asiatic "untouchable."

If the Negro should be happy that he is in America where some democracy exists and he is "treated better than anywhere else" how much more so should white people be thankful that they too are in the land of abundance and set to work and give the last great hope of earth some meaning for other people than themselves. Now is the time to do that. Yes, overnight. If Hitler and Hirohito can wreck modern civilization overnight I fail to see why the millions of people to whom freedom is long overdue cannot get it in a similar space of time.

Mr. Dabney presented the scarecrow of "violence and bitterness, with the Negro suffering heavily" in his recent book about "the new South" (a phrase conspicuous by its meaninglessness, for if there is a new South, it's the North). I truly believe that this prediction carries more suggestion than honesty.

The time has come in the worn patience of the Negro when, for better or worse, a change must be effected and we know from experience that a better change will not come with the expansion of segregated educational facilities such as the Virginia editor advocates.

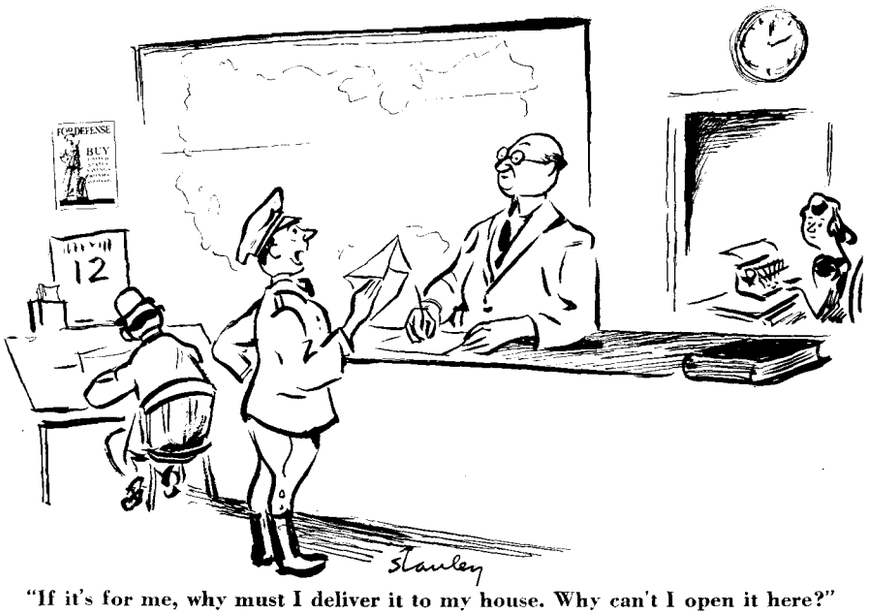
The most effective way of preventing the integration of the Negro into the main stream of American life, as well as to exploit him, is to continue segregation. I for one cannot see how anyone can (in America) drive a wedge between economic and social equality. If Mr. Dabney is afraid that racial amalgamation will "mongrelize" our social order, as he seemed to imply in his recent book. I think his writing can do quite as much for a Nazi special morale issue as for an American.

The interracial pattern of America, bolstered and fed by every conceivable means of communication, is, fundamentally, a denial that the Negro is inherently a lover of freedom, or an aspirant to self realization—it attempts to refute his humanity. It is on the erroneous basis of this pattern that "normally friendly white opinion is becoming alarmed" at his failure to fit the role of a marionette during the current war.

The ingrained conception that the colored man's purpose in nature is to serve as ego fodder for the white man has made an egotistic fool of the latter, a frustrated, driven-far-up-into-corner-of-himself slave of the former, and a sham of democracy. If this interracial pattern and this ingrained conception cannot be broken at a time when Hitler is demonstrating to what gruesome ends the myth of racial superiority can go, we are indeed crusading for a lost and impossible cause.

HENRY FRENCH WINSLOW.

Baltimore, Maryland



"If it's for me, why must I deliver it to my house. Why can't I open it here?"

Thank You!

SIR:—My book, "My India, My America," might or might not have reached India as yet—you know how it is these days! After all, *c'est la guerre,* and anything can happen. But I have enough proof to assure you that *The Saturday Review* still reaches India, submarines or no submarines. The latest issue of the Indian P.E.N. monthly to reach the shores of America informs me that "great honor has been reflected on India by the prominent place given Shrid Shridharani's book, 'My India, My America,' by *Saturday Review of Literature,* America's leading literary magazine." Anyway, you have a singular reputation in India and you have made my country proud by my book. Well, I can't have everything.

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI.

New York, N. Y.

Southwest Issue

SIR:—We are all aware of the large following which the *Saturday Review* has built for itself throughout the years, but I have a new appreciation of the interest and attention it gets from readers in this part of the world. Scarcely a day goes by that some office caller does not mention the issue of May 16. As I see it, that particular regional issue has accomplished something that perhaps might not have been accomplished in any other way, and its importance to the *Saturday Review of Literature* will, I hope, continue indefinitely.

SAVOIE LOTTINVILLE.

Univ. of Oklahoma.

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Lincolniana

LINCOLN AMONG HIS FRIENDS. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson. The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1942. 502 *pp., and index.* $5.

Reviewed by OTTO EISENSCHIML

SEVERAL years ago, Professor Randall of the University of Illinois propounded the question, "Has the Lincoln theme been exhausted?" The Lincoln authors have answered this question effectively in the negative. Since Professor Randall's query, the stream of new Lincoln books has increased rather than decreased, and the most is yet to come. Not all these new books are valuable, and many of them have been mere repetitions of known material, although neither the authors nor their publishers have admitted this fact in public. In this respect at least, Mr. Wilson is refreshingly different. He points out in his foreword that he intends to bring no new historical data; instead, he invites his readers to look over his shoulder while he leafs through his scrapbook of Lincoln items covering more than seventy-five years. So far so good. No Lincoln students will pass up such an invitation, and most of them will enjoy the treat, especially if the collection is so well arranged as this one and follows Lincoln's growth chronologically from childhood into manhood, and from there to fame.

It is unfortunate, though, that Mr. Wilson has seen fit to select for publication in his book many items that have been worn threadbare, and others that have only recently been reprinted. Villard's reports to the *New York Herald* on Lincoln's life in Springfield as President-Elect have been reprinted by his sons in book form only a year ago. Another item, the story of Douglas's support of Lincoln, was published in the Illinois State Historical Society *Journal* in 1930, and Gobright's report of the assassination was substantially reprinted in "The Story of the Associated Press" by Gramling in 1940. Dr. Taft's report on Lincoln's last hours has been quoted many times recently. No Lincolnite would give these often-told tales more than a passing glance. To that extent the clippings from Mr. Wilson's scrapbook have the effect of irritating rather than pleasing.

When Emanuel Hertz published his "Hidden Lincoln," he was severely criticized for publishing Herndon's letters without evaluating them; but Hertz wrote a twenty-odd-page introduction, which constituted genuine editorial comment. Mr. Wilson has not even done that much. With one exception he expresses no opinion at all regarding his chapters, leaving it to the reader to form his own opinion. His short annotations are seldom analytical, but refer mainly to the identification of the respective authors. Yet, elucidation is very much called for in many places. There is, for instance, a clipping from the *Chicago Times Herald* of March 13, 1901, written by an unnamed correspondent from Mattoon, Illinois, and giving the reminiscenses of one Philip Clark. We know nothing about either the story-teller or the reporter, but Mr. Clark mentions that Lincoln went into partnership with Herndon immediately after he came to Springfield, which throws doubt on the accuracy of the old gentleman's memory and his other recollections. We hear that Clark was eighty-five years old when he died, but we do not know how old he was when he talked to Lincoln, and how far behind lay the events which he related. One would like to know more about Mr. Thomas Hall Shastid, an oculist, whose father told him that Lincoln's left eye sometimes turned up, and who considered this condition of hyperphobia the possible cause of Lincoln's deep and protracted melancholy. Another of Mr. Wilson's contributors, Dr. William Jayne, said in 1907 that many lives of Lincoln had been written, but that little had been said of him as a lawyer. It might have been proper to remark here that this deficiency has long since been remedied.

A footnote here and there, pointing out inaccuracies, errors, and the comparative reliability of witnesses, would have enhanced the value of the book appreciably. Lincoln students know, for example, that Dennis Hanks, Lincoln's cousin, is not generally regarded as a dependable witness; yet, an interview he gave to a lady when he was ninety years old, and which was written down nineteen years later, forms the basis of the initial chapter. There is nothing to warn the lay reader on what delicate ground he is stepping here.

As a result of this lack of editorial co-ordination, "Lincoln Among His Friends," while quite entertaining, will add as much confusion as it adds information to the field of Lincolniana. Where legend and history already have become so deplorably intermingled, it would appear the duty of every author to act as a guide to his public, and not simply furnish it entertaining reading matter.

What historical merit Mr. Wilson's book possesses lies in items picked from lesser known sources, such as the *Sacramento Union* of 1871, or addresses before various bodies, made many years ago. To the historically untrained the book furnishes pleasing, if dangerous reading; for historians, a thorough revision along the lines indicated seems highly desirable.

Otto Eisenschiml is the author of "Why Was Lincoln Murdered?"

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SUB-TITLES OF FAMOUS BOOKS

Miss Mary F. Freyne, of New York City, submits a list of 20 not-so-well-known sub-titles of well-known books. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points if you can recall either the title or the author of each work, a score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 75 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 22.

1. .... or The Mistakes of a Night.
2. .... or The Power of Music.
3. ..... or The Anatomy of Wit.
4. .... or The Skeleton in the Cupboard.
5. .... or A Plot Discovered.
6. ..... or The Spirit of Solitude.
7. .... or The Fallen Saved.
8. ..... A Tale of Flodden Field.
9. ..... A Study of Provincial Life.
10. ..... or The Lass That Loved a Sailor.
11. .... A Romance of Destiny.
12. ..... A Tale of Arcadie.
13. .... A Saga of the Prairie.
14. .... A Horseman of the Plains.
15. .... A Comedy of Morals.
16. ..... The Fox.
17. .... and What Alice Found There.
18. .... or What Would Jesus Do?
19. .... or Pupil of Nature.
20. ..... or The Modern Prometheus.

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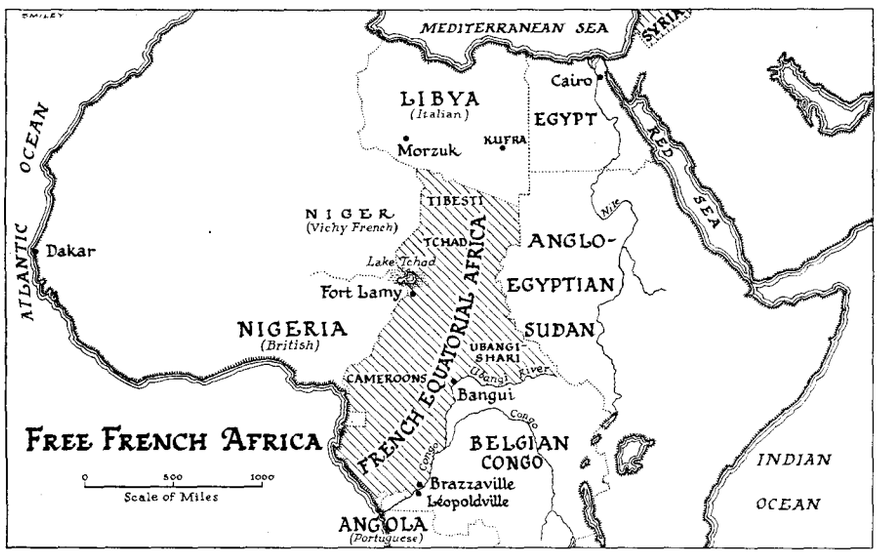

—*From the book.*

The Free French Crusade

MIRACLE ON THE CONGO. By Ben Lucien Burman. New York: The John Day Co. 1942. 153 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN, the American novelist of Mississippi River fame and ardent lover of the France that was, spent almost a year with the Free French forces in the tsetse-infested jungles of the Congo, the lion-haunted plains of the Tchad, the sandy wastes of Libya, and the bloody battlefields of Syria.

He became the intimate of Free French leaders, risked his neck with the rank-and-file, and served unofficially as a liaison officer between them and the British and Americans. His illustrator and wife, Alice Caddy, was there, too, although the fact is never definitely communicated to you by the author. Whether this passion for anonymity is Mr. or Mrs. Burman's is a moot question and really immaterial.

What matters is that the Burmans are back home and Mr. Burman offers us "Miracle on the Congo"—the first authoritative account of the France that still lives. Not the Old France; its spirit is entombed beneath the swastika. But the New France, whose capitol is that humid, drowsy settlement called Brazzaville, on the edge of the fetid jungles of French Equatorial Africa, in the fever-ridden Congo; whose spirit is to be found wherever believers in Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity breathe.

"Miracle on the Congo" is not only a saga of adventure and high courage, a poetically written melodrama often turning into stark tragedy; it is also an ugly expose of the men who have betrayed France. Mr. Burman has some harsh things to say about Laval, Darlan, and other Naziphiles and says them convincingly; but on the basis of what he calls unimpeachable authority, he accuses the old Royalist, Marshal Petain, of being the arch-traitor and defeatist who is responsible for France's degradation. Petain, he charges, tried to persuade Premier Reynaud to request an armistice three weeks before the Fall of France and was selected by selfish, Nazi-loving French industrialists and politicians three months after the war began to head a new Fascist government after the Third Republic was overthrown according to carefully formulated plans.

Mr. Burman was the first foreign journalist or writer—apparently—to interview General de Gaulle, a "legend-shrouded figure who has become the new Joan of Arc to lead France from her disgrace and captivity." Whether the simile is unfortunate remains to be seen. Anyway, the author loyally forecasts ultimate victory for the brave French patriots who have sacrificed everything except honor and pledged their lives and fortunes to achieve the destruction of the Vichy traitors—the men who have sentenced them to death *in absentia,* confiscated their property, persecuted their families and relatives, ruined their homeland, and selfishly sold France into Nazi bondage.

Mr. Burman inspires you to cheer these Free French loyalists on their way to victory.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Human France

WITH LOVE FOR FRANCE. By Helen Mackay. New York: Scribners. 1942. 139 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT

THERE will be many books about the fall of France, many sad, first-hand accounts of the invasion. This one is written by an American woman who lived for thirty-five years in Paris in the same house in the Place du Palais Bourbon. (There is a short foreword to the book by Antoine de Saint-Exupery.) Mrs. Mackay's version is a highly emotional account. Even a Francophile is surprised at what seems to be excessive feeling.

Helen Mackay adored France with an almost hysterical intensity. For that reason, she took the invasion doubly hard. It was something that could not happen to her world, yet it did happen and she saw it happening. She mourns and even addresses reproaches to God. She was incredulous, heartbroken, personally outraged over what transpired. Her lamentation are almost Biblical.

"With Love For France" has some good descriptions of Paris and the French countryside. The author tells of her work with the wounded of the last war, of her work in the "Zone" a collection of hovels in a district on the outskirts of Paris. She gives a picture of that gloomy, ominous winter of 1940 when they were all just waiting, waiting. She was in Dinard when the Germans came. The account at the end is good, brief, factual, incredible to her. She gives it an unreal, nightmare quality which she undoubtedly felt.

In spite of the poignant material, the book is not as moving as it might be. This is partly because of the curious style. It is as if Mrs. Mackay had forgotten her native English and substituted a mixture of sentences from a French grammar, a dash of Hemingway and a touch of Gertrude Stein instead. She can write "He was a wounded of the other war, paralyzed." . . . or again "There were the bureaux open." The first sentence in the book is "You were things like flies caught between clashing cymbals." Mrs. Mackay has written several books in French which may be supposed to account for this mannered way of writing. So has Julian Green, but he can also write excellent English. The completely expatriate point of view and the style spoils somewhat for this reviewer, at least, what otherwise would be a moving account of a great tragedy.

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Richards . . .

I CAN LICK SEVEN. By Robert Richards. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1942. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IT is well to remember that the heart-sick nostalgia for the old South, and the heroic ancestor-worship which usually goes along with it, are not confined to popular romantic fiction, or the movies. They are there, somber and vital, in the work of the South's most serious writers; in Faulkner, for example, in his early "Sartoris," and in such a younger writer as Robert Richards, whose first novel is now published. "I Can Lick Seven" reminds us very much of "Sartoris," which was written in a fresh and lyrical fashion, before Faulkner had developed his labryinthine style. Reading Mr. Richards's opening chapter, which is devoted to a swift and brilliant resumé of the collapse of the Confederate effort, with its poetic touching upon the figures of Joe Johnston and Jeff Davis, we are reminded of Faulkner's passionate eulogy of Jeb Stuart in "Sartoris." Leaving historic figures for fictional ones, we find in Richards's Melancthon Fowinkle, as in the Sartoris brothers, a searing agony of spirit. Something has been left dead upon the battlefield, even for those who have returned home, and they drag death about with them inside their living bodies.

They nurture a hatred for the victors, not because they won—that could have been borne, a gentleman knows how to lose—but because they destroyed forever the only South in which the Sartorises and Fowinkles knew how to live. All their energies are diverted, then, to futile channels, fevered and dry, to hatreds, killing, lusts, dissipations of life. These are the materials for major tragedy. Faulkner, it can now be clearly seen, has built an important body of work upon them, and Robert Richards seems to have laid one stone of a similar structure. This is of course conjectural; there is no sign yet of Faulkner's intensity, or Faulkner's literary power. Richards writes better than well, he writes surely and lyrically, if sometimes with what somewhat too conscious a dramatic tone. Fowinkle is not in any sense a character realistically drawn, sharpedged. He seems more the embodiment of a mood, and his relations with the others, particularly the women, are touched with the dualities of a dream. But the mood is the thing here, the mood of a traumatized South. We shall want to see where Richards goes from here.

Robert Richards

Alexander . . .

SELINA. By Holmes Alexander. Harper's. 1942. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

WHAT Mr. Alexander is telling us here is the Baltimore story, a phrase which implies a whole bundle of mores stirring and rearranging themselves under the pressure of time. Baltimore society is an organism still allied to the memory of a Southern tradition, and allied also, uneasily, to a new cosmopolitanism sweeping through it from North and West. Mr. Alexander's treatment of the conflict is, very happily, couched in satiric rather than dramatic terms, for it is certainly not a tragedy that people have to struggle out of one kind of skin and into another, but rather a social comedy, the kind that Marquand and Barry have been exploring. Mr. Alexander centers his attention chiefly upon Mr. Canton Bushrod and his daughter, Selina. Both meet with the same experience in different spheres: Mr. Canton must come to practical terms with an employer who can only be described in Canton's terms as a Johnny-come-lately, while Selina must face the dilemma of being attracted to a lover out of that same hated family, an Easterner with strange democratic ideas. The thing is played out quite delicately, in comic strain, with emotions real enough even while they are muted by the restraints of pride. Selina and her father are not big or significant and they know it, but they are trying to hold on to something they feel was big and significant. Mr. Alexander presents them without pity, as he does without scorn. His chief intention, it seems to us, was to pin down one of the fleeting changes in our large social scene. He has done it very deftly, with no histrionics, all lightness and understatement. N. L. R.

Brophy . . .

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT. By John Brophy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942 303 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. E. PORTER

THIS vividly written novel is basically the saga of a battle for survival by six diverse British soldiers—the remnants of a fourteen-man patrol—lost in the Libyan wastes in the early Spring of 1941. Their enemies were the immense relentless desert, hunger, thirst, heat and cold, Axis planes, tanks, and troops. It is also a splendid portrayal of ordinary men fighting indomitably to make their homeland secure against murderous aggression.

While trying to regain their distant lines on foot, one of the six Tommies was killed and the "Immortal Sergeant" Kelly, leader of the platoon, was severely wounded during a clash with Italians. Kelly killed himself to improve the remaining four's chances of getting through. This sacrificial act by the only professional soldier in the lot, whose first thought always had been for the welfare of his men, inspired normally indecisive Corporal Colin Spence to carry on valiantly against overwhelming odds and emerge safely as a wounded hero with two others of the patrol.

Like his comrades, Spence was not the least interested in becoming a hero. He was an average Englishman and *çi-devant* novelist of sorts who had been caught in the maelstrom of war. He wanted only to fight to the best of his no mean ability, get the mess cleaned up as quickly as possible, and return home—to Valentine.

Mr. Brophy tells us that "between periods of action the solitude of the desert makes men think," and he provides love interest in a series of cutbacks, as Corporal Spence's thoughts revert from the grim tasks at hand to England and the girl he had left there. Valentine was a concert pianist and an enigma, which Spence had never dared try to solve. Spence's "thoughts" also enable the author to philosophize a bit and render some justifiably harsh opinions about the "sequence of invertebrate mediocrity" —"the solid, apathetic, almost mindless Conservative majority."

While these flashbacks seem to have a tendency to slow up the action of the story, the effect of the whole is still of consuming interest. At times, the writing is pure prose poetry, especially when Mr. Brophy draws upon his firsthand knowledge of North Africa to pen magnificent descriptions of its wastes and the terrible ordeal endured by starving, thirsting, fighting men lost in them.

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Reading for Democracy

LEO LERMAN

IN 1940 Harcourt, Brace published a fifty-nine page text-photograph book entitled, "Democracy." "A few years ago," explained the editors, "it would have seemed unnecessary to attempt to define the principles of democracy for a ten-or eleven-year-old. Today it is obviously important that people, even as young as that, should understand the aims and ideals behind our form of government." Now, in 1942, a book conscientiously defining democracy for the young, even the very young, needs no such explanation. More than ever, people, no matter what age, need books which translate the abstract idea of democracy, and the United States's share in its development and preservation, into the simplest of everyday terms.

An unprecedented number of 1941-42 young people's books deal with America's past. Every phase of our history has been utilized. The consequent impression is that democracy has been confined for the most part to America's yesterdays. The following list is arranged to differentiate between democracy as a world concept and as a comparatively recent local manifestation and practice. It also contains timely books on how and why we fight. Unfortunately, through lack of space, many excellent story and picture books, novels, and biographies are absent. Many of there have, however, been reviewed in *SRL,* Nov. 8 or Dec. 6, 1941.

The Democratic Idea

■ "Democracy," Ryllis and Omar Goslin (Harcourt, Brace: $1.50), outstanding book for the very young. ■ "The Making of a Democracy" (John Day: $1.96), new edition of brilliant text; "The World We Live in and How It Came to Be" (Macmillan: $2.50), vivid world history—both books by Gertrude Hartman. ■ "Don't Tread on Me," Janet Marsh (Houghton Mifflin: $2), expertly fictionized account of democracy through the ages, for older boys and girls. ■ "Men Are Brothers," Eva Taylor (Viking: $1), absorbing studies in the brotherhood of man. ■ "The Torch of Liberty," Frederic Arnold Kummer (Winston: $2), age-old fight for freedom in fourteen stories for the teen aged. ■ Kenneth Gould's "Windows on the World" (Stackpole: $3), political systems and faith in democratic ideals by the Editor of "Scholastic." ■ "Stand Fast for Freedom," Lowell Thomas and Berton Braley (Winston: $2), forces behind current history.

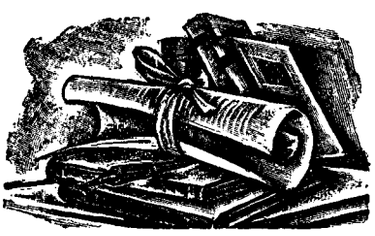
■ "Town Without Grown-Ups," Irmegarde Eberle (Messner: $2), exciting story of children making a democracy, for 8-14 group. ■ Munroe Leaf's "Fair Play," (Stokes: $1.50), democratic law and order unforgetably explained for the youngest children. ■ And Henry Holt and Company, on their "School and College List," have a group of moderately priced books on world and American history and ideas which are especially valuable to high school students, while "Everyman's Library" (95c per vol.) lists nineteen basic texts, the wellsprings of democracy from the Greeks to Karl Marx.

America's Heritage

■ May Lamberton Becker's expert anthology, "Growing Up with America" (Stokes: $2.50). ■ "The United States and How They Came to Be," Gertrude Hartman (Macmillan: $2.50), history for the teens from Indian days to World War No. 1. ■ "North America, The Land They Live in for the Children Who Live There," Lucy Sprague Mitchell (Macmillan: $3.50). ■ Mabel Pyne's "The Little History of the United States," "The Little Geography of the United States" (Houghton Mifflin: each $2), most modern and entertaining of histories and geographies, for six—niners.

■ "A History of the United States for Young People," Arensa Sondergaard (Random House: $1) for same age group but more detailed. ■ "An American ABC," Maud and Miska Petersham (Macmillan: $2), our national heritage in a new type alphabet book. ■ "I Sing America, A Pageant of the Regions," Clara Lambert (John Day: $2.50), America's story in lusty verse. ■ "Broad Stripes and Bright Stars," Beatrice B. Grover (Greystone: $1), our ideals and history for very small children. ■ Leo Huberman's "We the People" (Harper: $2.50), drama of America for children entering teens, favorite since 1932, Thomas Benton illustrations. ■ "American Was Like This," Emma Gelders Sterne (Dodd, Mead: $2), six vital episodes for the 10—14 group.

■ "Days and Deeds" (prose), "Days and Deeds" (poetry), compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson (Doubleday: each $2), useful anthologies. ■ "The Boy Scouts Year Book of Patriotic Stories," edited by Franklin K. Mathiews (Appleton-Century: $2) nationally famous annual. ■ "Our Flag," Albert Carman and John Harbourt (Lothrop: $1.50); "Long May It Wave," Leslie Thomas (Morrow: $2), two colorful picture books for young people of all ages. ■ K. L. Baheks's "The Birth of a Nation's Song" (Stokes: $1.50), all about "The Star Spangled Banner" and our flag. ■ Genevieve Foster's "George Washington's World" (Scribners: $2.75), 1941's most unusual non-fiction book for the teens. ■ Walter D. Edmonds's "The Matchlock Gun" (Dodd, Mead: $2), a moving colonial story with unusual Paul Lantz lithographs. Recipient of the Newberg Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, 1942. ■ Alice Dalgliesh's "American Travels" (Macmillan: $2), eight authentic tales and a picture story form a travel history.



■ "Houses in America," Ethel Fay Robinson and Thomas P. Robinson (Viking: $3), 180 sketches and detailed text create a fresh background book for young adults. ■ Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benét's "A Book of Americans" (Farrar and Rinehart: $2), gusty biographical verses, a perennial delight. ■ "Yankee Doodle's Cousins," Anne Malcolmson (Houghton, Mifflin: $2.50), national legends for all ages. ■ Esther Shepard's "Paul Bunyan" (Harcourt: $2.50), new version of loved American legend, Rockwell Kent illustrations. ■ "Young Northwest," Richard G. Montgomery (Random House: $2), story of the Pacific northwest. ■ "Nicholas Arnold Toolmaker," Marion F. Lansing (Doubleday: $2), beginnings of mass production in the U. S. A. in an ingenious story for the teens. ■ Joseph Leeming's "Brave Ships of England and America" (Nelson: $2.50), ships and battles through World War No. 2.

■ "They Were Strong and Good" (Viking: $1.50), Robert Lawson's stirring picture-story book of his ancestors. ■ Van Loon and Castagnetta's "Songs America Sings" (Simon and Schuster: $1) our heritage of song. ■ "Lake of Gold," Canada's past told by John Buchan; Richard C. Gill's and Helen Hoke's "The Story of the Other America," a comprehensive history of South America (Houghton Mifflin, each $2): "The Heritage of America," edited by Henry Steele Commager and Alan Nevins (Little, Brown: $4), fascinating documentary record of American history, excellent for high school students.

America Today

"Roundabout America," Anne Merriman Peck and Enid Johnson (Harper: $2.50), unparalleled travel book. ■ "Here We Are" (McBride: $2.50), Ernestine Taggard's soundly edited and annotated anthology; American life today in stories by leading contemporary authors.

■ "A Boy Named John," John Cournos, (Scribners: $1.75); "Macaroni, An American Tune," Myrna Lockwood (Oxford: $1), most interesting of immigrant stories for younger readers. ■ Florence Crannell Means's "Shut-

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tered Windows" and "Whispering Girl," Marjorie Allee's "The Camp at Westlands" and "Great Tradition" (Houghton Mifflin); Doris Gates's "Blue Willow" (Viking); Janet Lambert's "Star-Spangled Summer" (Dutton), May Justus's "Cabin on Kettle Creek" (Lippincott), novels closely linked to modern America; each $2. ■ "Ted and Nina Go to the Grocery Store," Margaret de Angeli (Doubleday: .50); "We All Go to School," Lavinia R. Davis (Scribners: $1.75); "Little Town," Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan: $2), all for the youngest children. ■ Marshall McClintock's "The Story of Your Library" (Vanguard: $1.75), libraries and free books for everyone. ■ Felix Riesenberg, Jr.'s "Full Ahead!"; Kensil Bell's "Coast Guard Cadets," two "Dodd, Mead Career Books" (each $2), a constantly enlarged group of books written by experts to prepare young Americans for life-work. ■ Anne Molloy's "Coast Guard to Greenland" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), just out and up to the minute, a thrilling tale for 8-13 group.

Biographies

"The Julian Messner Shelf of Biographies" (each $2.50), most ambitious and outstanding publishing project in this category; each book a colorful story; twenty-seven published volumes plus frequent additions present a rich picture of America, past and present, to the teens; Babette Deutsch's "Walt Whitman," Howard Fast's "Haym Salomon" are outstanding. ■ Eleanor Sickle's "In Calico and Crinoline" and "Twelve Daughters of Democracy" (Viking: each $2.50), American women, 1608-1930. ■ "Modern Americans in Science and Invention," Edna Yost (Stokes: $2). ■ Stanley Nott's "The Young Churchill" (Coward McCann) and Sonia Daugherty's "The Way of an Eagle, an Intimate Biography of Thomas Jefferson and His Fight for Democracy" (Oxford each $2.50). ■ Eloise Lownsbery's "Saints and Rebels" (Longmans: $2.50), individual struggles for democracy. ■ Irving B. Melbo's "Our America" (Bobbs-Merrill: 96c), biographies from Leif Ericson to Walt Disney. ■ "Men of Power," Albert Carr (Viking: $2.50), democracy's enemies—dictators.

The Fight For Democracy

"None But the Brave," Rosamond van der Zee Marshall (Houghton Mifflin: $2) Dashing story of Holland's sixteenth century fight for freedom. The Herald Tribune prize book, 1942. ■ P. L. Travers's "I Go by Sea I Go by Land" (Harper: $2) "Mary Poppins's" author writes a heart-warming diary of evacué English children in America. ■ "My Sister and I," Dirk Van Der Heide (Harcourt: $1) widely read Dutch child's heartbreaking diary. ■ "Left Till Called For," Mary Treadgold's hair-raising tale of two British children and Nazis, for 10-15 group (Doubleday: $2). ■ Elizabeth Yates's "Haven for the Brave" (Knopf: $2), faith in the future in a realistic novel for the early teens. ■ "Snow Treasure," Marie McSwigan (Dutton: $2) Norwegian children defy Nazis in an amazing novel for the nine to twelves. Tops in war stories and authentic. ■ "In Peace and War: A Story of Human Service," Alice Crew Gall (Crowell: $2); H. H. Gilmore's "How to Build a Model Navy" (Dodd, Mead: $2.50), most timely how-to-make-it book, boys 8-12; "Aviation from Shop to Sky," "Youth and the Sea," John J. Floherty (Lippincott: each $2); "Defending America," Creighton Peet (Harper: $1.50); Lieutenant Victor F. Blakeslee's "Fighting Ships of the U. S. A." (Random House: $1); "The Army in Review," "The Navy in Review," Curtis Erickson (Dutton: each $2); "He's in the Navy Now," Lt. Commander John T. Tuthill, Jr., U. S. N. R., "He's in the Army Now," Captain William H. Baumer, Jr. (McBride: each $2.50); "Wings of Defense," Captain Burr W. Leyson (Dutton: $2.50); "Youth Must Fly," Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr. (Harper: $3) all exhaustive books pertaining to defense. These do not date and are mostly illustrated with official photographs. ■ Pilot Ernest K. Gann's "Skyroads, All American Aircraft," and "Getting Them Into the Blue" (Crowell: each $2) three books which contain the last word on the U. S. A. in the air by a man who knows. ■ And be sure to look for "Submarines: The Story of Undersea Boats" ($3), "Parachutes" ($2.50) both to be published in August by Harcourt. Written by Herbert S. Zim of "Mice, Men, and Elephants" fame.

Special

"Grab Bag, Stories for Each and Everyone" (Doubleday: $2), Lavinia R. Davis's and Marjorie Fischer's compilation of twenty-six tales by favorite contemporary authors, for children up to twelve. All royalties and profits go to the relief of British children. Profits from May Lamberton Becker's "Introducing Charles Dickens" (Dodd, Mead: $3) have already bought one ambulance. They continue to go to British War Relief. London reviewers call Mrs. Becker's beloved biography "the link." These two books, are truely all-out for democracy.

The Literary Excursion

LIVING UPSTAIRS. By Francis Meehan. New York: Dutton. 1942. 256 *pp., and Index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

IT is a pleasure to pick up a book of this year, find in the index "Ulysses," and then discover that the reference is to Tennyson's poem not to James Joyce's Work. Mr. Meehan's miscellaneous essays on the enjoyment of books should send many people to those treasures of literature which are too often "taken as read," since they have too long been the agenda of academies throughout the country. Mr. Meehan, under another name, was one of the most popular teachers and lecturers on literature on the West Coast; and his style is more of the platform than the study. He has a great gift for apposite quotation—here he reminds one of Sir John Lubbock, whose "Pleasures of Reading" was a favorite handbook for the unlearned some sixty years ago.

He is often rather superficial and throws epithets around with too little discrimination. No one, for instance, who knew the home of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, with its gay concourse of irrepressible children, would write of Francis Thompson being "ill at ease . . . in the rarefied atmosphere of the Meynell menage." There are occasional inaccuracies, the pitfall of the constant reader who will trust to his memory. "Was Dr. Osler," writes Mr. Meehan, "in jest or earnest when he said a man is useless after forty? Light your pipe, smile placidly and pull down the right book." If Mr. Meehan had followed his own advice he would have read in Osler: "My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age"—he only claimed that the "effective, moving, vitalizing work" is done before a man is forty.

Of the longer discussions on particular authors the best is that on Montaigne; and his pages on Lucretius are good tho' the Roman might have been contrasted more profitably with Dante or Milton than with Francis Thompson, whose wisdom is childlike and of the heart.

There is no great depth in these essays, and Mr. Meehan is too lenient in his admirations; but his volume would be an excellent gift for a generous boy in his 'teens.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 433)

JAMES K. PAULDING: *SALMAGUNDI*

(Issue of October 1, 1807: *On Greatness,* signed Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.)

The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popularity is to be useful. . . . Break down the lofty spirit of the horse, wild, swift, impetuous, and then he becomes useful. . . . Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence.

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The Last Gold Piece

Who Wrote This?

AFTER the first World War, a small group of veterans returned to their village in France. Most of them managed to prosper modestly, but one—Francois Lebeau, who had been gassed and who never recovered his strength—was unable to work regularly and in time became poverty-stricken. Yet his pride made him refuse charity from his fellow villagers.

Once each year the veterans held a reunion dinner. On one of these occasions they met in the home of Jules Grandin, who had made a good deal of money and had grown fat and pompous. Grandin produced a curiosity—a large gold coin on whose age, rarity, and value be dwelt at some length. Each man examined it with interest as it passed around the long table. All, however, had imbibed wine freely and the room resounded with boisterous talk, so that the gold piece was soon forgotten. Later, when Grandin again thought of it and asked for it, the coin was missing.

Instantly there arose a hubbub of questions and protestations. Finally the village attorney suggested that everyone be searched, to which all immediately agreed—except Lebeau. His companions looked at him with surprise.

"You refuse, then?" asked Grandin, incredulously.

Lebeau flushed. "Yes," he said, "I cannot permit it."

"Do you realize," asked the owner of the gold piece, "what your refusal implies?"

"I did not steal the gold piece, and I will not submit to a search," Lebeau answered.

One by one, the rest of the group turned out their pockets. When the coin failed to appear, attention was focused once more on poor Lebeau.

"Surely you will not persist in your refusal?" the attorney demanded. Lebeau made no reply. Grandin stalked angrily out of the room. No one addressed another word to Lebeau and, amid the pitying stares of his friends, he walked out with the hangdog air of a convicted felon and returned to his home.

From that day, Lebeau was a disgraced man. His fellow villagers averted their eyes when they encountered him. He grew poorer, and when his wife died not long afterward no one knew or cared much whether it was from want or shame.

A few years later, when the incident had become almost legendary, Grandin made some alterations in his house. A workman found the gold coin, embedded in dirt between two planks of the floor of the room in which the reunion dinner had been held.

Pompous and smug though he was, Grandin was a just man and now that he had proof that Lebeau was innocent he was quick to make amends. Hurrying to Lebeau's humble home, he told him of the amazing recovery of the coin and abjectly apologized for having suspected him of stealing it.

"But," he concluded, " you knew that the gold piece was not on your person—why did you not allow yourself to be searched?"

Lebeau, shabby, haggard and prematurely old, looked at Grandin with lackluster eyes. "Because I *was* a thief," he said brokenly. "For weeks my family and I had not had enough to eat—and my pockets were full of food that I had taken from your table to carry home to my wife and hungry children."

CHANNING POLLOCK.

Like rain in the Sahara

Writers in Crisis

BY MAXWELL GEISMAR

"It is almost like getting rain in the Sahara to find a new critical writer with something to say in 1942. Such a writer is Maxwell Geismar . . . Here, in six close-grappling chapters, we have the best behavioristic treatment of a group of writers since Edmund Wilson's 'Axel's Castle'. Mr. Geismar, by skillful foreshortening and condensation, exhibits minds and temperaments in miraculously small space." — *John Chamberlain, New York Times*

"A book of first-rate literary criticism, pure and simple. All through it one is conscious of insights and juxtapositions; of a keenness of perception and of discrimination that make it one of the most rewarding accounts we have of contemporary American writing." — *New York Herald Tribune* $3.00

Behind the Urals

BY JOHN SCOTT

"One of the most impressive books of recent years . . . It is impressive in exactly the way the quiet conversation of a mature, firm-willed man is impressive, when he reflects upon a profound experience." — *New Republic* $2.75

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Universal Order

THE CATHOLIC PATTERN. By Thomas F. Woodlock, New York: Simon & Schuster. 1942. xxii and 201 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

TODAY, when the planning of a new world order seems to occupy all minds, and in fact, occupies many a pen, it may be timely, indeed, to look into the tenets and the structure of the Catholic church. She, after all, is still the heir of the only planned universal order ever enjoyed by the occidental world since the downfall of the Roman Empire. Mr. Woodlock's books tells not too much of the medieval political mission of the Church as the stable center of the Western world, the very heart of its civilization, and its super-national rallying point, but it contributes a great deal toward our understanding of how this utterly unique organization—the author prefers the term "organism" —could attain, and, for centuries, preserve so firm a hold over the souls of peoples and leaders alike.

In some highly personal and admittedly partisan chapters, Mr. Woodlock exposes his theories of our days' disorder and its causes: disintegration of the doctrine, secularism, "metaphysical apostasy," and what he calls the "great superstition"—modern man's confidence in science and the inevitable progress through science. Similar thoughts have, recently, been brought forth by some other writers, too; to trace back to the white man's loss of absolute faith the present "mess" seems to have become, by now, almost something of a truism. But practically none of those writings have even ventured to commend any integral "solution."

In this respect, this book differs widely from its predecessors. Most significantly, its author places his dogmatic beliefs on the beginning. Thus, the mere contrasting of the all-embracing mansion of the Catholic Church and her theocentric pattern (Part One) with the shambles of our anthropocentric modern world (Part Two) by implication makes Mr. Woodlock's credo appear as the self-evident solution of the problems we are confronted with. "Christianity," so he quotes Chesterton, "has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found too difficult and so has not been tried." And by "Christianity" he, of course, means the Catholic faith.

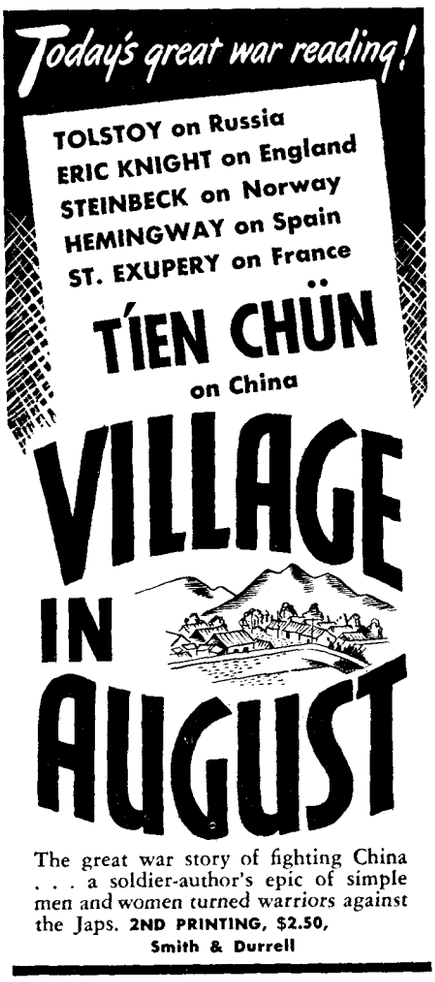
This straightforwardness is the courageous distinction of his book, and at the same time, its inevitable shortcoming—especially since the author had in mind as a reader "a modern man or woman who has never had contact . . . with the Catholic Pattern, as a pattern of life, and has never thought much about it, but who in general views the Catholic Church as a curious survival of the old days . . . " It stands to reason that very few such readers are likely to agree with Mr. Woodlock's thoughts and their implications.

But all of them will enjoy his splendid elucidation of the Catholic faith. Rarely have such all but inexplicable theological matters been dealt with in so tasteful logical and extremely clear a way as they are in these hundred pages. No one but so experienced and "omniscient" (quotation marks his) a newspaperman as Mr. Woodlock, for many years contributing editor of *The Wall Street Journal*, could undertake to familiarize non-Catholic laymen with such highly delicate subjects as the Trinity, the seven sacraments, the Immaculate Conception, the papal infallability, or the famous "five whys" by which St. Thomas proves that God exists. He does it without any footnotes and cross references.

The boldness of his positive and orthodox Catholicism does not hesitate to introduce as realities both mystery and the miracle. "Every 'science' ends in its own mystery, for no science can exhaust all the reality with which it deals." This may sound debatable reasoning, but there is no question left as to its sincerity and impressive forcefulness. He is intolerant, yes, and so is his pattern. "In nothing perhaps does it stand so completely outside the modern habit of mind as in this attitude, for nowadays we seem to reserve all our tolerance for *ideas* and even up by spending all our intolerance on *persons.*"

Brilliantly, Mr. Woodlock joins issue with higher education and the "instrumentalist" teachings. Less forceful seems what he has to say about the Catholic pattern's relationship to democracy. He restricts himself to demonstrating its consistency with the American political system. But numerically as well as historically, the Roman church is primarily a European power factor. As Mr. G. A. Borgese has brought out well in a recent article, her influence on what the coming European order is to be can hardly be overestimated. And though no doubt is left about her lack of sympathy for the Nazi pattern, Rome's more or less non-benevolent attitude toward all liberal and democratic trends on the European continent during the past 150 years is an established fact. This is a long and intricate story. Today, however, it may be puzzling to learn, once more, that "the Church has lived under all kinds of governments and dealt with all."

Whatever our objections may be, it is a great experience to watch, in our skeptical modern world, such uncompromising thinking and believing. This is why this book is so valuable.



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Out of the Night

REBIRTH IN LIBERTY. By Eva Lips. New York: Flamingo Publishing Company, Inc. 1942. $3.

Reviewed by P. K. ROBERTS

THE American nation is, for the time being, the only one which is not to be identified as a biological, racial, or even linguistic community. It is primarily a spiritual commonwealth. In more than one respect, American nationality is akin to the Roman citizenship of antiquity or the Catholicism of the early Middle Ages, which stood, as a reality, above the original nationality of the individual. In any case, to be an American is categorically different from being a Frenchman or a Turk. This is why Eva Lips's first demand on herself "Never to compare," worked so extremely well in her Americanization; for it is of no use to measure by the same yardstick phenomena of different categories. But on the other hand, comparison and differentiation are the very fundamentals of knowledge. And this book courageously stresses the complex difficulties of the cultured immigrant to do away with the old values.

"Rebirth in Liberty" is not merely another book on post-Hitler immigration and Americanization. With all its modesty, it is a valuable contribution to the larger subject of human adaptability and to the great saga of the power of the human spirit, as far from the pathetic "by us" attitude of so many backward-looking European *ci-devants* as it is from the all too familiar type of sloganish flattery. The growth of Mrs. Lips's enthusiasm appears utterly natural. Surprisingly soon, she seems to have felt not only the benefits but also the responsibilities of Americanism and American democracy. Some unpleasant experiences made her, for one, not bitter. But "remember," Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo said to her, *"this* was *not* America. This is not typical. We are rather young, you know." Her book gives ample proof of her understanding of the idealistic implications of that admonishment.

That same open-mindedness and honesty make the report on her occasional returns to Europe—a fatalistic Europe on the verge of a clearly visible catastrophe—such good reading. Perhaps this part of her book—taken as mere story—falls somewhat short of the host of contemporary foreign correspondent writings. But in personal books, as in the living together of persons, it is, before all, the trend of ideas which counts.

The Disappearing Haven

VANISHING EDEN. By Martin Birnbaum. New York: William E. Rudge's Sons. 1942. 201 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CLYDE GREENHILL

VOCATIONALLY, Martin Birnbaum is an art expert; avocationally, he is an inveterate traveler, with the soul of a poet, a photographic eye, and a scientist's passion for minutiae.

"Vanishing Eden" is a collection of eleven of Mr. Birnbaum's travel essays dealing with Edens which he mourns—rather erroneously, in most cases—as having been despoiled by the war: the glamorous South Seas, with emphasis on Tahiti, Fiji, and Samoa; Africa, where he made a hard and dangerous motor trip across the Sahara from the Mediterranean to Lake Tanganyika, with digressions into the Congo jungles and to the Dantesque crater of Nyamlagira, among the Mountains of the Moon; Asia, resulting in a survey of Balinese art and customs, and pilgrimages to the temples of Yunnan; and Central America, as represented by a sojourn in Guatemala and inspection of Mayan ruins there as well as in the area of Honduras and Yucatan.

The author's physical explorations are no less exhausting than his quests for details are exhaustive. He is indefatigably inquisitive about historical background, social conventions, culture, and even ornithology and botany, and his integration of facts uncovered and adventures experienced is cleverly done.

Mr. Birnbaum's style is pompous and flowery at times; nevertheless, his words fulfil their mission, which is to portray the beauties of exotic places and the lives, customs, and traditions of their peoples, highlighted by enough thrills to satisfy the most critical rocking-chair traveler. In addition, there are 106 excellent photographs and maps to guide the reader in the author's footsteps.

The Book-of-the-Month Club announces that reports received to date from members show a total of 660,000 books contributed thus far by its subscribers to the Victory Book Campaign.

Two months ago the Club sent out a special appeal to its 500,000 members urging that a million books be contributed to the men in the service.

"Katherine Anne Porter . . . has discovered *The Itching Parrot* for American readers. Here is another treasure found, so to speak, in a trunk. The introduction alone is worth the price of the book; it is the best background material on the last days of Spanish Mexico that I have ever encountered."
—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, N. Y. Times

"A kind of Francois Villon . . . El Periquillo puts on a roaring show every minute of the time, which, of course, is why the story has never died. You will go far before you find another book, in any field, which so well expresses its age."
—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"El Periquillo is the perfect picaresque hero, just as this novel, with its ribaldry and gusto, conforms to a time-honored pattern. What is exceptional about it is its background and the vividness with which it pictures the dregs of a bygone world."
—N. Y. Times Book Review

"One of the most colossally popular books ever written, this Mexican novel, now translated into English for the first time after 126 years of neglect, has been bought in the past by some 100,000,000 readers of Spanish. It is an engaging story . . . highly readable."
—Time Magazine

"Introduction to Lizardi, to his novel and to the Mexican struggle for independence of which Lizardi was an important part is a valuable contribution to the cause of friendship and understanding in the Americas. Here is one reader's 'thank-you' to Katherine Anne Porter."
—Kansas City Star

THE ITCHING PARROT

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KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

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The Phoenix Nest

THERE has been some discussion as to whether any poetry worthy of the struggle has yet come out of this war. It can certainly be said that Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs," which has recently, I see, been increasingly referred to as "The White Cliffs of Dover," and is now likely to become a second "Mrs. Miniver" in the movies, was inspired by the war and the desperate position in which England once stood. Mrs. Miller's poem may not be great verse, but it expressed what many Americans felt and it was written with craftsmanship and feeling. Here before me are several other attempts by well-known writers to put into their conception of verse certain aspects of the War. Dunkirk inspired a poem by Robert Nathan, recently reviewed in these pages, and a ballad by the present writer which was printed in F.P.A.'s late *Conning Tower* of the *New York Post*. Robert Nathan has contributed other striking poems about the war to the *SRL*, the magazine section of the *New York Times*, and *Harper's Magazine*. Edna St. Vincent Millay tried her hand with "There Are No Islands Any More" (addressed to "Dear Isolationist") and other poems in her 1940 volume, "Make Bright the Arrows." Somehow, in a small poem from a Hampshire, England, newspaper, there seemed to be as good a description of what it feels like to be bombed as any we have read. The verses are by one Carola Mills, of whom we know nothing else:

Rigid I lie,
Holding my breath—
Each thudding blow
Must end in death.

No time to think
Or to repent
Till all the stick
Of bombs is spent.

No time to fear,
Only surprise.
My body here
Unbroken lies.

A final crash
A roar like hell—
Silence at last
And all is well.

But in my heart
A rage that grows,
A debt I owe
To these my foes.

Of course, in a recent poetry number of *The Saturday Review*, we printed the poem of an actual young American flier who was killed, and several other good poems bearing upon the war. No, perhaps there have been no masterpieces yet! There has been no English poem, for instance, as definitive as Rupert Brooke's, "If I should die, think only this of me—" There has been some good propaganda work in verse. Chiefly there has been verse inspired by events, though no really good verse on Bataan or on Pearl Harbor has yet come forth.

On November 5, 1940 an ancient British armed merchant cruiser went to the rescue of her convoy, racing toward an attacking Nazi pocket battleship, a German raider,—plunging through a blast of 11-inch shells to get within range, all her guns blazing. "We realized we had no chance," a sublieutenant said, "but our captain had promised that if we ever ran across an enemy we would get in as close as we could. So we tried to close in." "It was the navy's job," he added, "and it was done." Within two hours the *Jervis Bay* was a gutted hulk, but twenty-nine of the convoy of thirty-eight ships were saved. They had scattered in the darkness.

Gene Fowler, well-known to Hollywood, made a ballad in free verse out of Captain Fogarty Feegan and his gallant craft. He called it "The Jervis Bay Goes Down," and donated his full royalties and the publisher's (Random House) entire net profit to Bundles for Britain. In February, 1941, Ronald Colman recited the poem in a nationwide broadcast for a "Help Greece" program. But multigraphed copies had been widespread before publication. Here are some lines from a poem at least as gallant in intention as was the heroic deed:

A salvo comes with the top roll of the battleship.
And now the ensign—
Emblem with the blue field—
Is shot away.
Enraged, bloody, rocking on his heels,
Fogarty Feegan roars
"Hoist another ensign, damme, Mr. Wilson, sir!
Hoist another flag,
That we may fight like Englishmen!"
A boatswain procures a flag from the locker—
A flag used for the burial of the dead at sea.
"Here, sir," he cries,
As to a brace he bends
The Banner of England.

In the Fall of 1941, Clemence Dane, the English novelist, published through Doubleday, Doran, "Trafalgar Day 1940" in a paperbound pamphlet. This also should be for the record, for it tells of the bombing of London. Her medium is also free verse, in partial rhyme. And why doesn't the radio use more really good stuff in this medium, written by our own poets? The idea

For Would-Be Invaders

By Joseph Joel Keith

THIS is the land of the child, dark gentlemen:
it is the land where minds of children
are as free as the flowing waters:
it is the land where children go cleanly as books,
through the green places where a sweet wild beauty
awaits the picking fingers, awaits the budding heart:
here is a road where there is time for walking and dreaming:
here is a hill where there is time for climbing and singing:
here is a meadow where there is time for growing, growing—
where each might go his separate way . . . But the chorus
of the voices of children is blended in singing of free land,
as free as the green of the summer, as warm as the summer.
This is no land of the marching children, gentlemen:
it is the young land, youth that has come of age quickly:
it utters the purpose and wisdom of age, dark gentlemen,
but it is a land that cherishes always
the freedom of youth in its heart.

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that the ordinary listener can't understand it is nonsense, Lynn Fontanne made Alice Duer Miller's poem widely known, and it was perfectly understood.

The whispering spirit of Nelson runs through Clemence Dane's poem, and the refrain, "How dangerous it is to wake the dead!" Miss Dane comes nearer real poetry than Fowler, but a fine spirit burns in each.

Our own Alfred Kreymborg, friend of all American poets, has turned to American themes in ballads of his own. The book is paper-bound and published by the Dryden Press, 103 Park Avenue, for the very modest sum of ten cents. All these ballads were written since Pearl Harbor. They would be good songs for our armies to sing. The "Ballad of Valley Forge" has a great ending, fit for a great tune:

And you were there and I was there
And every father's son
Was born in that white wilderness
Beyond oblivion.
And Valley Forge is in us all
As Winter strikes again—
The twenty thousand living feet
A hundred million men!

Mr. Kreymborg's "There's a Nation" has been set to music by Alex North (published by the Edward B. Marks Music Corporation), "Ballad of the Lincoln Penny" by Elie Siegmeister.

In her latest book, just recently reviewed in this periodical, Genevieve Taggard has some very interesting experiments in communal chants, which have been set to music; and in her "Plain-Chant for America," Katherine Garrison Chapin has several striking "Ballad-Poems for Chorus."

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

CYCLES IN PRISONDOM

(*Continued from page 9*)

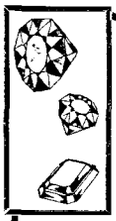
tary importance, fascism curtails the ceremonial of prison life, a thing which no reformer had ever done. Also, the jaw-dislocating beatings that went on in the Sevilla prison seem to prove that fascism, while reviving the ancient craft of the torturer, has robbed it of its ceremony and its skill. Time was when a long apprenticeship had to be served before a man might become a licensed torturer. As he progressed in his studies he was protected against perversion by a tradition as rigid as that which governed the training of the Valencin fan makers and the Barcelona painters of altar pieces. In the moment of exercise passion was disallowed. A torturer who persistently laughed at his patient or who invariably gave an extra twist to the wheel would have been disbarred or unfrocked. Today, however, a Spaniard has only to profess certain doctrines to be admitted to Falange, the Spanish fascist party. The merest profession of contempt for democracy, together with the shouting of stereotyped phrases about the rebuilding of the Spanish empire in South America and your natural sadist is admitted to the Mystery. He may walk into a prison and exercise his vocation without having even the least desire to extract the truth from his patient. This is degrading to the gaolor's trade. If, as an English-writer has said, the hangman's profession at five pounds sterling a drop must be largely a labor of love, then the rewards of gaolery must be chiefly psychical and therapeutic. It must give him a sense of superiority or nothing at all. Fascism, then, renders Prison a disservice. It is its own reduction to an absurdity.

These are the lessons of Brother Koestler's book. But yet another profit you will derive from it. Your anger at having allowed yourself to be fooled into betraying Spain, all Europe, and all the world, will give power to your bayonet. Perhaps you will fight to avenge little Nicolás. Perhaps "Dialogue with Death" will help you to save yourself.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TINSLEY'S BONES *Percival Wilde* (Random House: $2)	Rural Conn. conflagration destroys farmhouse and author resident. Coroner Slocum and jury do the rest.	Translucent as mystery but uproariously funny, gorgeously characterized and a joy from start to finish.	Yes sir!
NO COFFIN FOR THE CORPSE *Clayton Rawson* (Little, Brown: $2.)	New York millionaire shot in mansion haunted by another gent who won't stay dead. Enter Merlini.	Liberal education in spiritism racket as well as closely knit and exciting yarn with windup that's nearly unguessable.	Top billing
FOLIO ON FLORENCE WHITE *Will Oursler* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Harassed girl, out of jail for theft, accused of slaying ex-office associate. Manhattan lawyer saves her.	Refreshingly different in manner of telling, capably plotted, but over-emotionalized, and with some specially gruesome bits.	Better grade
THE BODY IN THE BARRAGE BALLOON *Colin Curzon* (Macmillan: $2.)	British officer slain by member of far-flung spy organization, which is tracked down and broken up by other Britons.	Murder is convenient peg on which to hang extravagantly amusing mixture of fun and thrills with hair-raising finish.	Fantastic



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Shear the Black Sheep

is David Dodge's new thriller which mystery fans have at once placed on their A-1 shelf beside his "Death and Taxes." James Whitney, battling CPA, again is the hero of a hectic week-end and Kitty McLeod adds romantic interest. $2.00

MACMILLAN

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TRADE WINDS

ALFRED KNOPF proposes to publish a volume made up of the on-the-spot reports sent to *Time* and *Life* by its correspondents on the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and has titled the book "December 7th." You must know that fact to appreciate the communique that was dispatched this week to all of the Knopf salesmen. "Please note," it read, "that December 7th has been postponed from July 20th to August 3rd!" . . . "December 7th," incidentally, is one of a total of twenty-five books about the war on the new Knopf list. We suspect that Mr. Knopf, who made a mint with Shirer's excellent "Berlin Diary," is experimenting with the laws of lightning.

ELLIOT PAUL and Luis Quintanilla are collaborating on a series of tales from the Gospel retold to conform with the Hollywood taboos. Their title is an inspiration: "With a Hays Nonny Nonny" . . . Quentin Reynolds reports that he has given up the practice of drinking two cups of coffee at breakfast. "I found," he says, "that they kept me tossing around all morning." . . . Maria Sten, an attractive young Danish author, has written a book about women in love called "Animals Can." Sounds like a song by Cole Porter. . . . Under circumstances similar to the deal on "Escape" three years ago, the Atlantic Monthly Press has acquired the publishing rights to a book set in occupied Holland by a writer using the pseudonym of Martha Albrand. By now everybody knows, I suppose, that the Ethel Vance who wrote "Escape" was, in reality, Grace Zaring Stone, the author of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Mrs. Stone's new book will be called "The Hostages." . . .

GERTRUDE ATHERTON is still writing new books. Appleton announces a novel by her called "The Horn of Life" for the fall—a story of San Francisco in the 1920s. The first novel that we sold to the trade when we went to work for Mr. Liveright in 1923 was Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." It sold about three hundred thousand copies and, begging the lady's pardon, was an incredible piece of balderdash. . . . Carl Van Vechten has presented his fine collection of Negro manuscripts, photographs, and recording to Yale University. . . . Julian Street, Jr., of the U. S. Treasury Department, has persuaded all of the leading publishers to devote the backs of their new book jackets to the promotion of the War Bond drive. The idea is to have the author of the book in question write a personal message to the reader on the importance of war bonds and stamps. These messages will not only appear on book jackets, but will be syndicated in leading newspapers and incorporated in coast-to-coast radio programs. . . .

VREST ORTON, the sage of Montpelier, thinks that the name of this column should be changed to "The Wind and the Cerf." Vrest is simply miffed becauses we are the one publisher in America who never brought out a book about Vermont. . . . Another rustic philosopher, not to say the greatest essayist alive in America today, has at long last collected some of his salty columns into book form. I hope that Henry Hoyns will call us if Harpers publish a more distinguished volume this year than E. B. White's "One Man's Meat." . . .

PUTNAM'S announcement of a new book by C. V. R. Thompson entitled "How to Like an Englishman" probably denotes the end of a swing of the pendulum that was set in motion several summers ago by Miss Halsey's vastly overrated "With Malice Toward Some." Mr. Thompson's avowed intention is "to bring about a better understanding between England and America." I think most of us know the run-of-the-mill Englishman today—know him, like him, and remember with heartfelt thanks that it was he who held down the fort unaided in those frightful months that followed the fall of France. What does need a little explaining to us is the hidebound old Tories who cling frantically to important posts at home from which they should have been thrown out bodily months ago, and the arrogant colonials who have succeeded so brilliantly in making every native under their rule hate them with a passion that defies description. . . .

LOUIS PAUL tells the story of an author who wrote a novel and sent it off to his publisher, only to discover that he had forgotten to put a ribbon in his typewriter. His publisher replied, "We haven't made our minds up as yet on your new book, but we are prepared to say that it's the best ms. we've seen this week." . . .

BENNETT CERF

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith.
2. "Alexander's Feast," by John Dryden.
3. "Euphues," by John Lyly.
4. "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham.
5. "Venice Preserved," by Thomas Otway.
6. "Alastor," by Percy Bysshe Shelley.
7. "The Drunkard," by William H. Smith.
8. "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott.
9. "Middlemarch," by George Eliot.
10. "Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.
11. "Elsie Venner," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.
12. "Evangeline," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
13. "Giants in the Earth," by O. E. Rolvaag.
14. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister.
15. "They Stooped to Folly," by Ellen Glasgow.
16. "Volpone," By Ben Jonson.
17. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.
18. "In His Steps," by Charles Sheldon.
19. "The Huron," by Voltaire.
20. "Frankenstein," by Mary W. Shelley.

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The Crostics Club

THIS is a blanket hearty "Thank You" to those who have written us such delightfully friendly letters since the inception of this column. In time I hope to acknowledge them individually and meanwhile to use such as our slim space affords.

D. Homer Rich, Maplewood, N. J., signing himself "yours for more discoveries," gives us a picturesque bit of misery, as, "bloody but unbowed" he emerged from D. C. No. 428 in "just about twice too much time with half the public library on the table." Calling the DC "a masterpiece of guile" and citing proof of the same, he concludes: "I had to reread practically the whole New Testament to discover Artemas and almost missed him in rediscovering Paul. Even *chilhuahua* was a dog too recent for my W.N.I., 1915!"

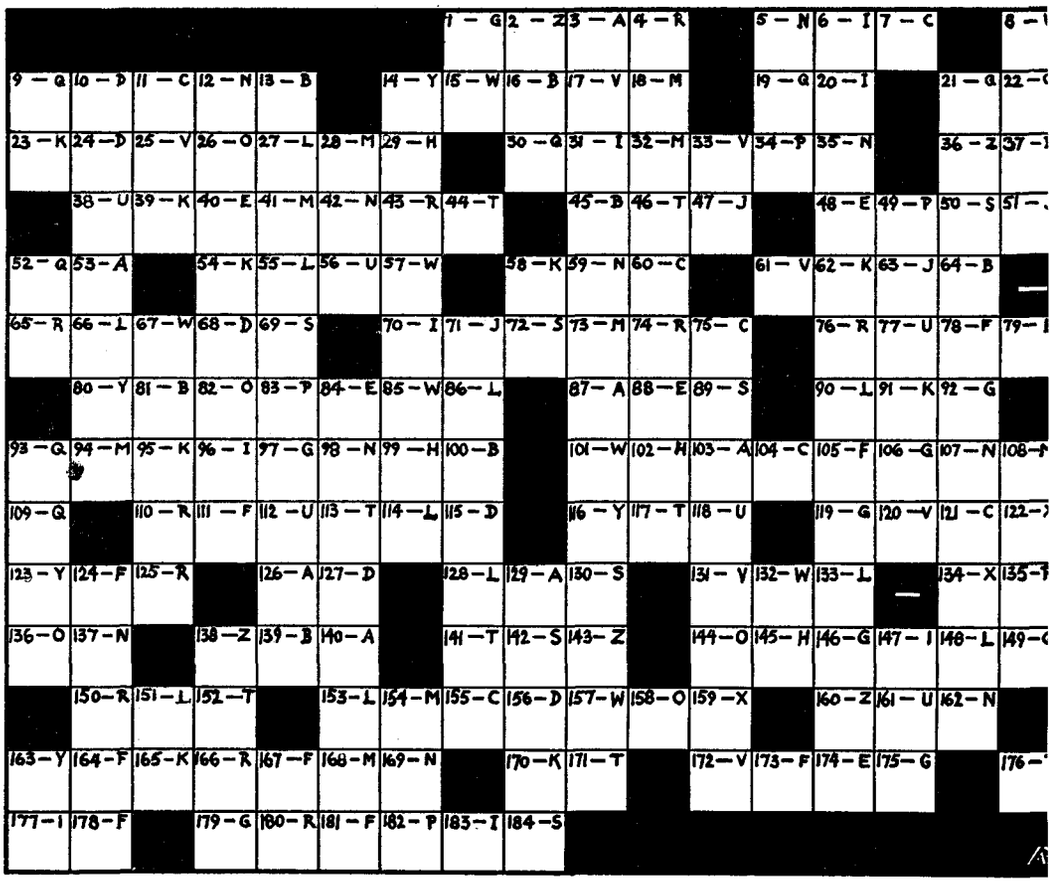
Mrs. Eleanor E. Ledbetter, Cleveland, adds similarly to her Biblical knowledge: "When I met Ehud recently in a DC I looked him up, amused to see him described as left-handed, and quite shocked at the use he made of that fact to destroy his enemy—a nasty business. I also looked for other Biblical left-handed characters and found only the 700 chosen men of Benjamin, who 'could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss'—and they were a bloody lot too. (Incidentally, left-handed batters confound baseball, don't they?)"

Frances Burns, Dayton, O., contributes this gem, "Lines in Appreciation" (I detest that sloppy Lizzie, but of course the rhyme here needed it):

"There are fifty hours in a hospital day.
When flowers fade and thrillers pall,
And I've scanned each inch of a painted wall,
Need I go mad? No, with Darcy I say,
'God bless you, dear Lizzie'—
For keeping me busy."

When you call me to account for my definitions I truthfully say, "Have it out with the publishers of Webster's." I rely on them implicitly. To be sure, I must use discretion in my *choice* of definitions: if the puzzle requires a give-away I select an easy equivalent; otherwise if I need to keep you guessing, I select a less common meaning. Very occasionally I myself "have it out with Webster's." I recall the case of *Themis* and *Clymene*, each listed as the *mother of Prometheus*. F. T. Wright of La Jolla, Calif., I think it was (I am away from my files) objected to *Themis* in my puzzle and claimed *Clymene*. When I wrote to Webster's for a decision, they referred me to Aeschylus as differing from the common source, but they promised to note that fact in their next edition. (I can't recall who was which!)

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 434

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Traveler; a merchant (in the East).

B. Title (and hero) of novel by Charles Brockden Brown (1798).

C. One given to rising late (comp).

D. One skilled by experience (2 wds.)

E. Legalism.

F. Fair rate of motion (2 wds.)

G. An outburst of protest vs. a previous criticism.

H. Either of two works in the old Norse or Icelandic language; The Elder and the Younger.

I. Darling (German).

J. Something which draws or attracts.

K. An outward stab.

L. Character in *Through the Looking-glass.*

M. Easily disgusted or offended.

N. To expand.

O. Scandanavians (with *the*).

P. To appear or present itself to.

Q. A lateral branch.

R. Fringed.

S. First installment; earnest money.

T. Exposed to the sun's rays for drying, etc.

U. The capital of Eritrea.

V. To keep back; restrain.

W. The principal star in *Scorpio.*

X. To make up the sum of (with *up;* colloq.)

Y. Wooded hill or hillock.

Z. Lighter and unstressed parts of metric feet.

WORDS

129	3	53	87	140	103	126				
13	81	16	100	45	139	64				
11	104	60	121	155	7	75				
37	10	115	24	156	127	68				
88	174	79	84	40	48					
167	78	173	105	181	164	124	111	178		
1	179	22	97	92	146	106	119	175		
99	102	29	145							
31	96	20	147	70	6	183	177			
51	63	47	71							
62	95	54	170	91	165	39	23	58		
153	152	148	90	114	133	27	66	86	55	128
73	94	32	28	154	108	41	18	168		
12	107	169	35	5	98	137	162	42	59	
82	26	144	158	136						
83	135	34	49	182						
109	21	30	93	19	9	52	149			
76	166	4	65	125	180	110	43	150	74	
142	72	184	89	69	130	50				
117	46	113	171	44	176	141	152			
161	118	38	56	77	112					
61	25	33	120	8	131	172	17			
101	85	57	132	67	15	157				
122	159	134								
116	163	14	80	123						
138	2	36	143	160						

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